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CURRENT COMMENTS

JULY 1936

Cabinet Reconstruction

FAILING national reconstruction, Government reconstruction is inevitably in the air ; so far it has followed two distinct lines—the Thomas line and the Hoare line. The Thomas position is dealt with below. Even a Government based on such wide principles of inclusion could hardly retain the fallen favourite of the people, but a Government with so catholic an embrace could hardly be expected to refrain from drawing under its wing a Minister who had parted from it, with such painful scenes, on a fundamental point of policy, a short time ago. What has happened to the point of policy ? Sir Samuel Hoare was right on the Abyssinian question, as was clear at the time to every political observer who had the courage to stand his ground against the press-manufactured " storm of popular indignation." Events proved Sir Samuel right more quickly than could have been expected ; but the speed was, in some measure, due to the fact that the Government was given its head in running on its foolish course. After his resignation Sir Samuel did nothing to prevent it. If, at the time of his resignation, he had announced his intention of doing everything in his power to combat the folly of Sanctions and of rallying his Party and his Country in opposition to the men who were forcing that course upon us, Sir Samuel would have been welcomed back now wholeheartedly, and would have earned his place in Government. If he had done this, he might well have returned,

not as First Lord of the Admiralty, but as Prime Minister. But if he had done this, no doubt he would not have been Sir Samuel Hoare.

Cabinet Responsibility and the Centre

ALL we can now do is to acknowledge that Sir Samuel was at any rate right for a time on one issue, which distinguishes him from some of his colleagues. He is, at least, above the average of ability in the Ministry; but then so would be a large proportion of Conservative Back-benchers. His return, however, does raise an important constitutional point. Sir Samuel resigned because he disagreed with the Cabinet on Sanctions. He has never repudiated his view; but neither, in spite of the most convincing proof of their error, have his colleagues abandoned theirs. At the time of writing—and certainly at the time of Sir Samuel's appointment—Sanctions are still theoretically in existence, though there are signs that their expectation of life is short. How is this position reconciled with the constitutional doctrine of Cabinet responsibility which has been the bedrock of our system of Cabinet Government since the days of Walpole? In no other period during the last two hundred years would such a situation have been tolerated. But to-day, when government by principle has been displaced by government by adjustment, it occasions, apparently, no comment. It is all in keeping with the system of government by what Mr. Wyndham Lewis has so brilliantly described as the "big soft centre."

There are signs, however, which have not yet reached Whitehall and are only gently stirring in Westminster, that the country is impatient of the prolonged inactivity, incompetence, and lack of direction of centre party adjustments. There are signs that a return to government according to principle may be forced on the reluctant politicians. The signs are being noted by the political weathercocks. The result is what was to be expected—

a hurrying hither and thither, consulting, caballing, intriguing and wire-pulling and an effort to keep at bay the awful, ungentlemanly prospect of a return to government by principle. Projects for centre parties, groups, national this and national that, popular fronts and all the other paraphernalia of democracy in decay are being eagerly canvassed by the Tapers and Tadpoles. We prefer the attitude of some young Conservative members of Parliament who stated to *The Times*: " If the Government are to survive, we feel that they must, without further delay, decide and declare to their followers what are the principles and the aims which inspire them in their conduct of the nation's affairs." After nearly six years of office this would seem a moderate request from even the humblest follower.

My Dear Jim !

THE Colonial Secretary who has recently resigned has often offered himself as an example of the type of man who can rise to Cabinet rank under democracy. The Prime Minister may be trusted to keep the flag of this democracy flying from the mast in spite of the undesirable light that has been thrown on the private affairs of his friend and colleague.

The Report of the Tribunal shows that Mr. Thomas carried his plebeian view of the uses of privilege and money to the high office to which he was appointed. To that extent he was not changed by his advancement.

Sir Alfred Butt, M.P., one of Mr. Baldwin's Conservatives, and a great friend of Mr. Thomas, appears from the Report to be a typical recipient of twentieth-century honours who delights in risks on the racecourse and in the City and combines considerable foresight with a strong determination to make his fortune.

Mr. Cosher Bates, the other great friend of Mr. Baldwin's " Dear Jim " is one of those who can act quickly and effectively where most others would hesitate

and some would see no opportunity. He acquired without risk or service in a few hours a sum which a hundred useful honest and lucky workers might earn in a year. With a chivalry which we would expect rather in the friend on whom a Knighthood and Baronetcy have been conferred, he decided, after the publication of the Report, to return his profits to the underwriters, who were at once advised that acceptance might prejudice their case in future proceedings.

We who scorn the exclusive personnel of earlier governments and the stinted systems of other nations (saving France and the United States) may congratulate ourselves, if we have the will, on the spirit of fraternity which prevails among our public men, on their readiness to help their neighbours, on the liberty of conscience and the easy tenure of office.

In other times and places an antique spirit of intolerance would have harmed not merely the adventurers. The public weal would have been valued above the bond of familiarity and kindness which links the Prime Minister and " My Dear Jim." It would have laid on the Prime Minister the grave burden of responsibility for his own choice and recommendation. It might even have censured the Old Harrovian for his tu-toi to the uncouth colleague. Some old sense of right and wrong would have caused his own resignation to be expected if not forced by those who linked power with responsibility and who could understand him saying " My dear Neville," but not " My dear Jim."

The Attorney-General's announcement that no prosecutions will follow the Tribunal's Report will restore confidence in many quarters and increase the popularity of politics among fortune-seekers.

France and the Left Wing

THE situation in France is a striking proof of the fallacy that a Popular Front protects democracy. M. Blum was elected to his office by the help of the

Communists. No sooner was he installed than his allies resorted to extra-parliamentary action in the shape of a General Strike. Whether M. Blum was in league with the Communists and had pre-arranged this stroke, or whether he was duped by them, matters little. The important point is that France, having been persuaded to elect a Popular Front Government on the grounds of resisting the dictatorial methods of the Fascists, now finds itself a helpless victim of Left Wing intimidation and dictation. France would now appear to have sacrificed her national entity and to have become merely a pawn in the Litvinov game. The tragedy of it is that there have been several occasions in the last few years when this could have been avoided. The sorry record of the various Radical-Socialist, compromise, Coalition Governments in the last few years had disgusted the majority of the French nation with the tactics of Left Wing parliamentary government. If any of these openings had been resolutely seized, France might to-day be enjoying stable Right Wing Government. Unfortunately, the Right Wing in France seems to lack the vital quality of leadership. Colonel De La Rocque is pre-eminently a parade-ground figure. Conscientious, upright, and industrious, he has the qualities of a first-class Adjutant; but he has neither the intellect to appeal to the few who could shape the policy of a nation or the magnetism that could command the allegiance of the many who could place him in the seat of power. The Royalists on the other hand count amongst their number many intelligent people. The Comte de Paris, who would in effect be their leader, is a man of ability and energy, but he is not allowed, of course, to test his rhetorical abilities in France. So they too lack a leader who can compel the support of the nation.

This virtual paralysis of the Right Wing in France is a timely reminder of the ultimate and over-riding importance of personality in the sphere of government. We are reminded of Canning's words: " Away with the cant

of measures not men, the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draws the chariot along." It is a lesson which France may have to learn, not without blood and tears. And she may not be the only country which will have to suffer a forcible reminder in time.

Incident in the French Chamber

M. XAVIER VALLAT, speaking in the French Chamber on June 6, said that " the accession to power of M. Blum was unquestionably a date of historical significance. For the first time, this ancient Gallo-Roman country is going to be governed by a Jew." In reply to the frenzied protests of the Left, he observed that he was simply stating a fact ; that M. Blum, himself, so far from making any secret of his race, had, on the contrary, always insisted on it ; he himself (M. Xavier Vallat) much preferred this frankness to the conduct of those Jews who sought to disguise their breed and adopted Gentile names. " I am merely registering the fact," he added, " that for the first time France will have its Disraeli." This not sufficing to calm the agitation of the Left, M. Xavier Vallat went on to say that no one of course forgot the services rendered to France by the Jews who had fought in the War. " I have no intention of forgetting the friendship between myself and the Jews who fought beside me. I have no intention of denying the right of members of the Jewish race to attempt to acclimatise themselves in France, in common with so many other naturalised aliens. But I say quite openly what so many others are thinking privately, namely that in order to govern a country with a predominantly peasant population like France, it is better to have someone whose origins, however humble they may be, are enrooted in the vitals of our Gallic soil, than a clever and specious expert on the Talmud."

The Times, which is not always well-informed regarding French politics, and even at times appears to fail to

seize the meaning of simple and everyday French words, gives a truncated account of this speech and attendant incidents. At least one section of this account shows that it did not follow the discussion at one point, and M. Xavier Vallat, as our faithful report shows, did not say, that "he *only meant* that France had found a Disraeli at last." He meant very much more, as subsequent remarks very clearly testify. *The Times*, writing a leading article on this speech, stigmatizes M. Xavier Vallat's candid and duly qualified contribution to the debate as "unmannerly." Why "unmannerly"? As M. Xavier Vallat himself claimed, he was stating nothing but the truth.

Coal Mines Reorganisation

IN these bureaucratic times it is not difficult for some complete revolution in our economic structure to take place without the public being aware of it until after it has occurred. We must therefore thank those vigilant Members of Parliament who forced the Government to abandon, at any rate for the time being, the Coal Mines Bill, designed to enlarge the powers of the Coal Mines Re-organisation Committee. In withdrawing the Bill Mr. Baldwin declared however it would be re-introduced in the autumn after it had been amended, and he stated that the Bill formed an integral part of the Government's policy in dealing with the coal industry. The Government should have plenty of time in the interval to consider whether they really intend continuing with the Bill, and to consider once and for all whether they mean to regulate the Coal Industry by mere interference with the working of existing colliery organisations, which irresponsible form of management is worse than Socialism, or whether they are going to allow the policy of amalgamation of coal mines to be effected by natural process which is bound from the nature of the Industry to take some considerable time.

Compulsion or Voluntary Reorganisation?

THE case against extending the powers of the Coal Mines Commission—and indeed against the existence of such a body—has been very well stated by Mr. Osbert Peake in a letter to *The Times*, in which he explains how this body originally came into being and what it has accomplished in the six years of its operation. It was established under Part 2 of the Coal Mines Act of 1930 at the instance of Sir Herbert Samuel at a time when the Liberal Party held the balance of Parliamentary power, and the Conservative Party and its leaders at that time consistently voted against its establishment. After nearly six years, during which it has cost the taxpayers £120,000, the Commission has not succeeded in carrying through a single amalgamation scheme: indeed its continued existence at the present unsettled period through which the Coal Industry is passing, might well disturb any confidence which is growing in the Industry and have the effect of preventing voluntary amalgamations.

That voluntary amalgamations, brought about by agreement, are making progress is shown from the speech of Sir Evan Williams at the Annual Meeting of the Mining Association when he stated that more than 75 per cent of the output of coal to-day is produced by less than 150 undertakings. When it is considered that there are about two thousand mines in this country, these figures are certainly striking and we very much doubt if they could have possibly been bettered had the Coal Mines Re-organisation Commission been in full possession of all the powers which Sir Ernest Gowers, its chairman, would no doubt desire it to have.

Pacifism for the Children

THE Socialists who have a majority on the London County Council have not hesitated to make use of the system of compulsory school attendance in order to spread their views among the half-million children under their control.

The London school-system, which costs about £13,000,000 a year, is virtually an instrument of Socialism, and there is no new policy shown in such recent events as the refusal to grant accommodation in a school to the 47th Division R.E. Cadets for evening training, the refusal of an offer of copies of the late Earl Beatty's Empire Day message for reading in schools, and the prohibition of a visit to the dress rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo arranged at no cost to the Council for the children attending Lamorbey Residential School. Few opportunities of showing bias have been missed, though the party whips managed to check most of the bolder members during the Jubilee celebrations.

Shortly before Empire Day in 1934 the Council sent a circular to schools which contained the following statements :

" A more modern description of what used to be known as the British Empire is the British Commonwealth of Nations, and, for this reason, it is desired by the Council that the day shall be known as Commonwealth Day. It is the wish of the Council that no war-like spirit shall be introduced into these celebrations and that the celebration should be regarded as a 'family affair,' rather than an occasion to encourage in the minds of children and students any unworthy feelings of racial superiority or antagonism to the rest of the world. It is the domestic love of country that is preferable on these occasions and certainly not any attitude of Britain versus the rest of the world."

There followed an apologia for the League of Nations.

What the old Romans knew as piety and we know as kinship, is to the Socialists a nauseating evil. The " feelings of racial superiority " which they deplore are qualities which a leader of men would seek in his followers, for they are signs of the will to live. What " love of country " is this that stops short of a desire to protect it ? What " family " feeling is there which is not based on pride in the family and hatred of its enemies ? What

is a "fellowship" which includes every destructive, exploiting and degenerate element in humanity?

The County Council issued another circular in October, 1934, instructing teachers to call Armistice Day "Armistice and Peace Day," and after demanding that the day should be used for pacifist propaganda, they explained: "Head teachers will wish to guard against any impression that peace teaching which, if it is to attain maximum effectiveness, ought to permeate much of the teaching of the ordinary subjects of the curriculum throughout the year, is in future to be concentrated on this particular day."

The literary style of our education is as corrupt as their doctrines.

The Council decided in November, 1934, to appoint to a post of £400 a year in the Education Department a conscientious objector who, having reported himself for non-combatant service during the War, was tried by Court-martial and sentenced to a term of imprisonment for refusing to obey a lawful command. The appointment was made over the heads of men who served in the War and who have served the Council since. In March, 1935, they appointed two more conscientious objectors to posts of £400 a year each in the Education Department in spite of the receipt of a communication from the British Legion Branches in the Metropolitan Area, stating that "They feel very strongly that it is a disgusting abuse of authority to appoint a conscientious objector to any post drawing remuneration from the public purse. Apparently there is no conscientious objection to taking money from the ratepayers, and they feel that it is an unparalleled impertinence for such a person to expect the public to maintain him after so basely sacrificing their interests at the time of the Great War."

In March, 1935, the Council decided to abolish cadet corps in the Secondary Schools.

In May, 1935, the Education Committee decided "That the use of the school organisation shall not be

allowed in future in connection with the attendance of children at military displays and similar functions."

Compulsory education is an expensive aid to national suicide.

Pacifism and the Church

IT is not only the teaching profession but the Church that is capable of doing disservice. Unfortunately a sentimental aspect pervades religion and gone is the scholastic and academic outlook of former days. The Bishops have condoned the attitude of many of the lesser clergy and doubtful publicists of the Church. Pacifism and humanitarianism have almost obscured in their fervour peace and humanity. It is interesting to note, therefore, the attitude of a Bishop who is a theologian and a man of clear reasoning. The Bishop of Gloucester recently wrote:

"It seems to me that the pacifist creed is directly anti-Christian in its character, for it means (1) the encouragement of people to neglect their duty in defence of their country; (2) it would mean that we should pray for the safety of our country without taking the necessary means to secure it. It seems to me as blasphemous as is Christian Science, which prays for bodily health without having recourse to the means God has given us for the cure of the body; (3) pacifism means neglecting our duty to those countries which are dependent upon us."

The surest way to peace is through the creation of unity of mind; that was formerly, through belief, the function of religion. To-day creed is neglected and many of the leaders of the Established Church preach conduct as if it was the basis rather than the outcome of a sound spiritual adjustment. It is time more leaders of the Church turned their face against the sentimentalism which is destroying this spiritual as well as the moral fibre of the nation.

Joseph Chamberlain

" And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren, and they hated him yet the more." Genesis xxxviii 5.

JULY 8 is the anniversary of the birth of Joseph Chamberlain and Birmingham will take the necessary steps to honour the occasion. It was on Birmingham that he lavished a fortune made in Nettlefold's screws, and to whose planning he devoted his ruthless and indomitable will. It is interesting to remember that Chamberlain was not a Midland man, but a Londoner born in Camberwell and of Wiltshire middle-class stock. However, he was a type of Englishman to be readily accepted in the great Midland city. His position in the nineteenth-century world was unique. More than any nobleman who represented in Parliament the acres that he owned, Chamberlain was a king. In a democracy he paid no heed to the caprice of voters, but relied on his Midland dominion to follow him in all matters to the death. Often called a change-coat by his opponents he could probably have exclaimed with Caesar that he was "Constant as the northern star." The parties changed about him in the mean drudgery of party politics from republicanism to extreme conservatism, but Joseph Chamberlain remained like Rhodes outside it all—a man of action with a mind above the petty materialism of his age. He perhaps suffered from the various distempers to which a man of energy is heir, but he emerged a patriot with neither time nor liking for the caucus and its diplomacy.

The Lesson

THE moral of Chamberlain's life was that purpose moulded policy. He showed, with Bismarck, the ruler instinct towards protection. He was not deluded as are our modern politicians into regarding a tariff as an economic expedient. He saw it rather as a weapon in high policy. He was not blind to its effects upon a situation that actually materialised in the world crisis of 1914.

His glorious reign at the Colonial Office was the last occasion in which " the man on the spot " was trusted to fulfil his own destiny and given responsibility. Chamberlain spurned the machine to create responsible leaders, the action of a man conscious of his own greatness. To-day, as we die slowly of administration and lack of responsibility, we should pay homage to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham whose vision extended to the furthest limits of English ability and achievement. Chamberlain suffered because, like Clarendon, Clive, Hastings, Wellington, Kitchener and many others, he was too big for the narrow world of the House of Commons. He asked for power and his crime was that he was fit to exercise it. England neglected his warning in the election of 1906, to water away her prestige in a series of economic calamities that have remained over a period now of thirty years. This is a good moment to recall those lines of Kipling's written on Joseph Chamberlain in 1904 :

Thrones, Powers, Dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings—
The meek historian deems them true
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings—
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban ;
Things never yet created things—
" Once on a time there was a Man."

Whither England?

By Douglas Jerrold

It is Mr. Baldwin's idea that England is safe in his hands, though, as to the reasons which lead him to this rather astonishing conclusion, his lips are sealed. To the independent observer, the signs are less satisfying. In a few months England has lost the position of a first-class power. She has reverted to the part which she tried to play, quite unsuccessfully, under James I, of the honest but penniless broker, seeking to secure Continental influence, and even prestige, by a policy of half-hearted and wavering support of rival coalitions both of which knew that she lacked, if not the courage, at any rate the intellectual conviction necessary to effective action.

Unfortunately the consequences of this infirmity of purpose cannot be so limited as they were in the seventeenth century. We are still a world power, and the world is not merely impatient of our vacillation but jealous of our possessions. Neither Russia, who betrayed us in the last war, nor Germany, whom we defeated, can be relied upon to support our bland, and (if the truth be told) rather impudent assertion that the future of civilization depends upon our retaining our possessions intact, while the rest of the world goes without.

France we have driven deliberately out of the orbit of our diplomacy into the arms of Russia. Italy we have challenged, with results wholly disastrous. To Japan we have delivered moral lectures. The Norwegians, for so long our most sincere friends in Europe, we have deeply offended by our sanctionist policy. The United States see in our shameful diplomatic defeat not a quixotic gesture in favour of the sanctity of written obligations (the only written obligation which concerns America we have repudiated), but a justification of their own policy of non-intervention in Europe.

It is only fair to say that the Press shares to some extent with Mr. Baldwin the responsibility for the present situation. The public have not been told the truth about

the European view of our policy, or about the merits of the Abyssinian dispute. They do not even to-day realize that the Emperor of Abyssinia is not a legitimist monarch ruling over a homogenous people, but the descendant of a rebel chieftain whose only title was conquest, and whose subjects, in exchanging the rule of the Italian viceroy for his own, have merely exchanged the rule of a civilized for that of an uncivilized conqueror. The atrocities committed against Italian soldiers and civilians have been either concealed or denied in the English Press, one newspaper even venturing (with a hardihood unequalled since the days of the anti-German Ministry of Information) to give currency to the theory that the Italians had mutilated their own dead in order to obtain a convincing series of photographs. The treatment of the dum-dum bullet episode was marked by an equal lack of frankness. What mattered to the Italians was that soft-nosed bullets were used, with their usual and cruel results. These bullets came from England. Of course they were supplied long before the war without any thought of the use to which they would be put, but what was that to the Italians who were mutilated by them ? The real facts were more damning than those alleged. The Abyssinians had no other ammunition, and so they used ammunition forbidden by the laws of war, and the Abyssinian Government had so little control over the troops and their equipment that they had no responsibility. What is that but a complete admission, in unqualified terms, of the whole of the Italian case ?

We are not arguing in favour of the initial action of the Italian government, which was, at the very best, hasty and ill-considered. We are calling attention to one point only : to the effect left on the mind of European neutrals, and still more of the Italian people, by our recent diplomacy. Italy was technically " guilty." We have chosen to make it a moral issue, and what does the world see ? It sees clearly four things :

(1) We assert the inviolable character of legal obliga-

tions, and yet break our engagements when we choose, repudiate treaties when we choose, and absolve ourselves from our technical obligations under the Covenant when we choose: The American debt, the Anglo-German treaty, Manchukuo.

(2) When challenged, we shift the basis of our criticism from legality to morality, yet bomb independent tribesmen across the North-West Frontier when they object to our making a military road on their side of the frontier. We use high explosive; the Italians use gas. This is a legal, not a moral difference. The tribesmen have a far greater objection to being blown to pieces than to being temporarily incapacitated by mustard-gas.

(3) Taking a high-sounding stand on the substitution of law for war, of the settlement of disputes by reason and not force, we use all the resources of a war-time censorship to keep the Italian case out of our newspapers.

(4) When we need Italian diplomatic support against Germany, we call these " outlaws " to the Council table and put our signature to a proposal that Italian troops should occupy German territory.

Englishmen can explain, and in some measure even justify, all the peculiar shifts to which we have been driven during the last few years. But it is time for us to realize that foreigners do not regard it as axiomatic that English policy is wise and disinterested, and do not spend their days and nights searching for an explanation of the inexplicable. It is pure bunkum that the best Italian opinion is anxious to see Mr. Eden displace the Duce as the leader of the Italian people. It is not true that citizens of the smaller nations of Europe are meeting daily in their cafés praising England's heroic stand for right against might. Even in Switzerland, the very home of the League, English scenes or news on the screen provoke a hostile demonstration. In France our Embassy was for weeks guarded by special police. The German Government after their last brilliant *coup-de-théâtre*, have deliberately delayed their reply to our Note.

The anger against us is not without grave cause. We have, in fact, been consistently foolish, and have brought the world to the edge of war. We have driven France into the arms of Russia, while at the same time dividing her from Italy, and giving Herr Hitler (incomparably the ablest diplomatist in Europe) his opportunity, and Japan hers. Simultaneously we have angered the whole Moslem world by our policy in Palestine, and have in consequence to bribe Turkey by allowing the Straits to be closed, and to bribe Egypt by a treaty which will concede the substance if not the form of independence.

What does the Government now propose to do? It proposes to re-arm, though without the moral courage to conscript either capital or men. It proposes next to negotiate a new Covenant which will turn the League formally into an instrument of war for the prevention of aggression, which means for the preservation of the *status quo*, in so far as the *status quo* commends itself to the left-wing governments of France and Russia.

There seems to be not even a dim apprehension in Downing Street of what is really happening in Europe or Asia. One Chinese Government has been bought by Russia; another by Japan. France is on the edge of revolution, and Spain is already a Communist republic. Soviet Russia is preparing to erect a façade of Western liberalism precisely as did the Russia of the Czars before the last European war, and with the same object. England is to be enlisted as an agent of Russian policy with the declared object of drawing Germany's teeth and so breaking the anti-revolutionary *bloc* in Central Europe. When the next election produces a Socialist, or, more likely, a "Popular Front" government in this country, the stage will be set for the last act of the drama. Before that Russia and Japan will have divided China between them, unless Japan moves too quickly and seizes the whole.

The prestige of Mr. Baldwin is alarmingly high. We say "alarmingly" because this prestige is dependent to-

day upon the continued ignorance of the British public of the real state of affairs in the rest of the world. The Conservative Party could, at any moment, secure the support of a solid majority of the country by a declaration of independence. The Trade Union element of the Labour Party is neither Socialist nor internationalist but radical in its home policy and isolationist in its foreign policy. The rank and file of the Conservative Party is also prepared to co-operate in extended measures of social reform provided we can regain and secure our independence of foreign entanglements. On that, the possibility of social progress depends. Unfortunately, Sir Austen Chamberlain is wedded to the creation of an anti-German *bloc* with Italy as a makeweight against undue Russian influence, and Mr. Winston Churchill has announced his conversion to an armed League. Both are anxious to fight the last war over again, though having regard to its results, their reasons are obscure. Perhaps they hope to be beaten next time, and hope for a share of that fortune which the Gods reserve for the vanquished.

Meanwhile, in home politics, Mr. Baldwin still toils ponderously after the Socialist bus. He missed it with his last Unemployment Regulations, and is determined to catch it this time, but not until his re-armament programme has absorbed enough of the unemployed to conceal the real cost of his new proposals. He caught the bus with his Coal Mines measure, but was pushed off the step rather roughly by his own followers. He promises to catch it again later, when no one is looking.

The Government is deeply committed, as becomes the embryo ally of Russia, to planning. But for the world crisis, planning would be the major issue of our politics to-day. As things are, it is small beer. Another war means an end to gradualness, and the Socialists can afford to wait. In any case, everyone must be left a little money until after the Coronation. We have an ingrained sense of decency, if nothing else. After the Coronation, we shall see a deluge of " plans." designed to put the small man

under the thumb of the big man, and the big man on the back of the taxpayer, with labour as the residuary legatee, as soon as the swing of the pendulum permits an excuse for further rationalization. The same men will then proceed to draw bigger salaries, not as directors but as commissioners, or, as I prefer to think of them, as National Trustees. There will, in fact, be an avalanche of " sacrifices " of the type of which the erstwhile Sir Henry Betterton provided the first and memorable example.

These things are, for the moment, decided. There will be no drawing back until the eleventh hour. The English people distrust the Government and deplore its policies. Proof, if proof were needed, lies in the resuscitation of the old fable that Mr. Baldwin is so popular in the industrial north that he must not be criticized, for fear of losing a vote. To political students, this means merely the discovery by the Central Office that he is so unpopular in the south that he must not be criticized for fear of precipitating a General Election which might lead to overwhelming defeat. As usual, the much-abused Central Office is right.

It is unfortunately by now quite certain that there will be no reassertion of Conservative principles by any of the Conservative leaders in this Parliament. The calculation is that the needs of national defence will hold the party together for another two years, and that a European crisis will provide a good battleground for the next election. If the Socialists get in, they will mishandle the crisis and the Tories will get back in time for the war. It is a prophecy which omits only one factor from its calculation—the will of the people, who want neither war nor Socialism, but peace, order and liberty. Will they get any of these things from the National Government?

Nevertheless, we shall be told, the Government has done well. Unemployment is down ; trade is up ; our credit stands high ; they are making money on the Stock Exchange ; our institutions are secure ; our standard of

living is going up; public health improves. Would any of these things have happened but for the National Government? The answer, of course, is in the negative. If the National Government's record was wholly bad they would have lost twice as many seats as they did. But, as the present writer has repeatedly said, it is the business of political thinkers to judge not by election results or city prices, but by the long-term results, as far as these can be forecast. The National Government in the last Parliament displayed more than average competence in clearing up the muddles of its predecessor, and in the present Parliament it has shown much more than average incompetence in the handling of the day-to-day business of government. But the judgment of history will be directed neither to its earlier efficiency nor to its present inefficiency but to the results of its policy.

If it is true that the attempt to use force, through the machinery of the League, as an instrument of policy, has brought Europe within measurable distance of war, the efficiency of Sir Thomas Inskip will not excuse the adoption of the policy which has brought this rather makeshift Napoleon to the front of the political stage. If it is true that planning, by combining the admitted defects of bureaucratic control with the admitted irresponsibility of private enterprise, makes Socialism inevitable, and if Socialism is a bad thing and not a good, then the ingenuity exercised in devising plans for keeping little bits of our industrial economy functioning will prove to be not ruthless commonsense but reckless folly.

A worse charge may also lie against the National Government. It stands, almost alone in the world to-day, on the democratic platform. It therefore behoves it to be a pattern of the merits of political democracy. Instead we hear from its spokesmen all the stale claptrap about the need for unity and loyalty to which the more fashionable dictatorships have accustomed us. Worse still, we see at work the inherent vice of democracy—the tyranny of the political machine. For the first time in English

history, the personnel of the Government is admittedly weaker in brain power, in political experience, in character and in reputation than the back benches of its supporters. For a Government to be out-gunned by the Opposition is not infrequent, but the remedy in that case follows closely on the disease. For the tyranny of the machine to keep in office a weak and unrepresentative Government resting solely on the prestige of one man, is to use the forms of democracy to instal a scarcely veiled dictatorship of the Caucus, a kind of Dictatorship which French experience has shown to be more capable of resisting popular displeasure, and even disgust, than half-a-dozen Mussolinis. The Radical-Socialist machine in France has dominated French politics for forty years and still does. The ultimate penalty will be a constitutional revolution. In England, the parliamentary tradition should be strong enough to break this dictatorship of the machine, but if it fails to do so in this Parliament, the future of our institutions will be in jeopardy. It is not enough to deflect the policy of the machine. In the last resort, as we have learnt from our Geneva antics, men dominate events. A Government of puppets and yes-men, swayed hither and thither by the exigencies of parliamentary crises, threats and caves, is no substitute for the proper working of representative government, which requires the strongest possible Cabinet, not the most complaisant, that can be formed from the Government majority.

The Big Soft "Centre"

By Wyndham Lewis

IN a Western Parliamentary Democracy it is "the Centre" that corresponds to the norm of the nation. This is of course not exactly a complimentary remark from the standpoint of the nation, and might with some reason be resented by the nationalist.

But the nationalist idealises the Nation. And I am speaking here of the raw material only of his ideologic dreams. And unquestionably that raw material is to be found, whether you like it or not, in *the Centre*. There is where we must look for Jacques Bonhomme and for John Bull *à l'état pur*.

The most impeccable John Bull that ever trod the soil of England, namely Doctor Samuel Johnson, hailed, politically, from the Extreme Right, it is true. But Johnson may be regarded for all practical purposes as the mischievous dream of a nationalist—or if you prefer it, as the nightmare of some embittered internationalist! In a general way, the Centre is undoubtedly the place to look, if you are curious as to the whereabouts of the national ethos.

I have elsewhere described "the Centre," where the modern British Democracy is concerned, as *a big soft Centre*. Whether you accept this description as correct or not—and I agree that it has a somewhat disobliging ring—we must, I think, allow that some other nations possess harder Centres than ours: some, even, we are accustomed to regard as *too* hard.

Some "young" States, notably, have very tough Centres. These we look at rather askance—for of course you always have a good look at a nation's Centre if you anticipate trouble from that quarter.

Great Britain, I suppose, might be described as having a typically *status quo* Centre. Whereas a *Have-not* nation, now, has much *less* Centre, to start with. Such States, such lean and hungry States, are dangerous!

The British Democracy is, in fact, to-day wellnigh all "Centre"—with a lazy, rather pneumatic, mild Left

Wing, and an absurd little, futile, clubmanesque Right one. All it can do is spasmodically to grumble in its shrunken Clubs.

* * *

The Centre, in whatever Parliamentary Democracy you are considering, may be taken to stand, then, for the emotional norm of national character. The extreme Right Wing, or the extreme Left Wing, are relatively intellectual manifestations. The " brainy " people are apt to be found disporting themselves in the volatile extremities.

In this sense the Centre is conservative. We may say that all true conservatives are men of the Centre—if you are using conservative in this literal sense, and not in a party sense.

Thus Jacques Bonhomme and John Bull (1936 model) are Mr. Baldwin and Monsieur Herriot, respectively. The Jewish Socialist, Blum—the lettered associate of Proust—or Monsieur Tardieu, affronting the Third Republic with such unorthodox utterances as " *Le Souverain Captif*," are neither of them representative of parliamentary democratic France—the former not of France at all.

The further you get from the Centre, the less strictly national you become. It is difficult to see how this could be otherwise. For in the nature of things abstract principles flourish upon the fringes—whereas the good old concrete emotional values bask stolidly in the big sleepy half-way house, where old habits endure—averse to deliberate change, yet all for more and more " progress."

* * *

But the inertia of this Centre is after all the bedrock political fact. The *moujhik* will still be there, as brimful of pathos as ever, when Communist doctrine is in dust. The eternal Teuton cannot be abolished or estranged

from himself by the most arbitrary of treaties. Of this we are the witnesses to-day, as a matter of fact: the Teuton is less amenable to oppression than the Slav. (It is we who are to be pitied for being, quite pointlessly and against our better interests, one of the trio sitting on the lid of this fiercely boiling Teuton pot. And one day we may be blown sky-high for our meddlesomeness.)

But although this Centre may be the Old Man River of the political piece, it is never the Centre which *rules*, in an active capacity. Indeed usually the " ruling class " throughout history has been a ruling *race*. They have been of different blood and tradition from the ruled.

To-day it is possible to observe, in many directions, alien racial minorities imposing themselves as rulers upon great leaderless masses, in China, Africa, or Russia. But in a less visible way is not this what happens (minus the factor of race) in any society, where an intelligent minority, largely of the same breed, imposes its will upon the unenterprising majority—a will alien to that of the majority?

The biologic road of racial conquest and penetration is parodied by the intellect—dominant intellect playing the part of dominant race. The happy possessor of a robust intelligence finds himself as distinct over against those around him as if he were distinguished from them by the possession of a more vigorous racial strain, accompanying a better set of fighting-glands.

A " roman nose " is not more of a hall-mark of the master than is a " master mind." The " unplumbed salt estranging sea " is nothing in comparison with a spot of commonsense. For making the whole world *un-kin* there is nothing like it!

So it comes to pass that in any parliamentary democratic system you may detect the same sorting out of potential top-dogs and those belonging to the unintelligent welter of those born to obey, as much as in the most unblushing caste-system.

But the modern democratic idea repudiates this authoritarian division of mankind. It functions—in the

teeth of what is self-evident fact and what is the fundamental law of nature—upon the hypocritical principle of a theoretic human equality. And this unreal egalitarian principle is the canker obviously of these " free " systems. Initiative and intelligence are discouraged, discipline held up to contempt and hatred; and at length we even reach the stage at which a carefully sifted caste of nobodies are technically in the position of " rulers " : the Centre grows and grows, and does, after its fashion, *rule.*

Rule, of course, in any effective and rational sense it cannot, since it is supposed to have foregone leadership and power. Centre-rule is a political monstrosity. It is, in the upshot, a mask, merely, for dictation by private and irresponsible interests. Working through these nerveless puppets, an occult power comes into being in the background. There is now Invisible Leadership. For leadership of some sort there must be—and if you do not get it openly, you get it covertly. And it is imperative, for the public good, that leadership should be avowed and accessible to the popular gaze, and if possible to popular inspection.

There is even a great deal to be said for national leadership involving a certain antagonism between the law-giver and those called upon to observe the law, in contrast to this sickly pretence of democratic *identity.* There is surely nothing so politically ennervating as the sort of conditions that prevail in Soviet Russia, where a man can be sanctimoniously shot or thrown into prison for insubordination, but on the grounds that it is insubordination *against himself;* where any dissent or refusal to conform is described as " sabotage," or an offence " against the Revolution "—against *his* Revolution ; as if he had bitten his own hand or blacked his own eye. In a very much milder way the Western democrat is in the same dilemma.

The importance of being " extreme "—if only *extremely intelligent*—if you are to be in a position to supply those

creative impulses which govern the lives of men, is sufficiently obvious. You have to be a man of the periphery, not at the centre of the scrum, for rapid action. The " genius," whether in thermo-dynamics or political theory, cannot be a man of the Centre. A " revolutionary " of some description he has got to be. In consequence, it is with no surprise that we find extreme nationalist movements being directed so often by men who are not typical sons of the soil upon which the movement in question has developed, but, on the contrary, more often than not, foreigners—as to-day in the case of Hitler or De Valera. Hitler even carries this to the length of being a Papist, but nobody minds in the least. It would not matter if he were a Mohammedan.

From these considerations an important principle emerges, as we have seen. No parliamentary democracy can be competently governed by its Centre—although to be consistent it *should* be so governed. If it does come to be Centre-governed, the nation sinks into a decline. And this is because the principle of Leadership cannot derive from the Centre, it must come from somewhere outside it. The brain is after all at the extremity of the body, not in middle of the digestive tract.

But let us avail ourselves at once of the most glaring and self-evident illustration of this principle. The English Nation is captained to-day by a group of men who can command our esteem, and whom—as one of them has expressed it—we can trust. There is nothing unpredictable about them—indeed they are dishearteningly certain to go on putting one foot in front of the other, upon a steady course, slow but sure ; so that we know just where we are and just where we shall be in twelve months time. Baldwin, Halifax, Hoare, Inskip—all good sound counters, names that ring true—all hand-picked right out of the heart of the big soft Centre of the British Democracy.

But there you have it—that is just it. These excellent gentlemen are, in fact, too average, too typical, to provide

the material for *leadership*. And leadership is the first essential in any competent human system. Each and all of these irreproachable ministers lack that dash of the "extreme"—shall we leave it at that?—which is so important in order to get action. They might be said, indeed, to offer us the *reductio ad absurdum* of conservatism—as conservatism is understood in a modern Western Parliamentary Democracy. And they bring into relief the fatal weakness which inheres in all modern democracy.

Here you have the apotheosis of the unprogressive Norm. Incidentally Herr Hitler is far less of a nationalist than is Mr. Baldwin. Why, by comparison he is almost the Abstract Man!

* * *

A vindictive and stupid animosity towards the Extreme characterises all those of the Baldwin brand. But oddly enough for them there is only *one* Extreme—namely the Right. It is the Baldwinian strategy to absorb all extremism into its big hearty colourless Central bosom—to live happily ever after as a big, indivisible, "national" political family. Yet Baldwinism seems to have come to the conclusion that there is *one* kind of Extreme which will never come inside. And against this inveterate outsider-principle it mobilises all its sluggish bellicosity. There appears to be something almost *personal* in its dislike of anything that lies too much in the opposite direction to Litvinov. But however alarmingly equipped with unabashed sanguinary Terror, all that stretches away from it on its *Left* is assured of a warm corner in its bluff old heart.

* * *

If the political leaders of the British Democracy are at present all men of the big soft Centre, with a powerful bias Leftwards—all backs implacably turned upon any

Right that is intelligent—the " intellectual leaders " for their part are all men of the big soft Centre, too, though in their case it is the big soft intellectual Centre. It is *Eyes Left !* for them even more than it is for their political opposite numbers. But " intellectual leaders " can pass themselves off as leaders much more easily than can politicians—since their policies after all do not have to issue in concrete, and often very disagreeable, events. And they can afford to be less circumspect.

When this century opened, the man-of-letters, the " intellectual," in England either had no politics—he was a greenery-yallery aesthete of the naughty irresponsible Nineties—or else he was some sort of Fabian Socialist. To-day all English men-of-letters or journalists are orthodoxly " Left-wing." To be " intelligent," in the Great Britain of Mr. Baldwin, is to be Left-wing. In both the great Anglo-Saxon democracies, in that of Roosevelt as much as in that of Baldwin, this overwhelming Left orthodoxy obtains.

This state of affairs is of course peculiar to Anglo-Saxon civilisation. A writer in any of the great continental countries can get just as much kudos out of being notoriously unsusceptible to the beauties of Marxism—rather more so perhaps—than out of pure proletarian principles. He cannot perhaps get so much money out of it—that is another matter. Every penman worth his salt knows where the money reward is to be looked for—namely upon the Left-wing (not *too* far to the Left—just far enough sternly to admit the necessity of Civil War and Marxian " catastrophe," without advocating immediate blood battles in the streets).

How is it that the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies differ from all other countries in this respect ? The answer probably is their higher standards of life, for so long a time. The more prosperous classes at all events have been cut off from the realities of life, so their children readily become playboy Communists, or " friends of Russia." The ferocious imperialism of the state-capitalist system whose

headquarters is the Kremlin does *really* appear to them a benevolent essay in Fabian freedom.

* * *

So whether it is in the world of politics, of literature, in journalism, or the universities, it is the emotional national Norm, the spirit of the Centre, that is in the ascendant. Expressing itself in liberalist ideology, this Anglo-Saxon Norm is paramount from Downing Street to Grub Street, from "the High" to Gordon Square. We must make the best we can of it. But it will be a great step forward if we begin to understand its rationale.

Hitler and the Third Reich

By Anthony M. Ludovici

THE present temper of the German people, unlike that of their kinsmen before the Great War or under the Republic, is also unlike anything that Europe has witnessed probably since the Middle Ages.

The visitor to their country who fails to grasp this fact, like the stay-at-home Englishman whose Press does not enable him to appreciate it, misses the most fundamental feature in the whole of Nazi Germany.

For something akin to a new religious zeal has spread throughout the land, making the people deeply wistful, but strangely light-hearted and confident in their earnestness. It is as if they had been not only raised from the dust, but also shown a star or ball of fire which will lead them to the fulfilment of their destiny.

It was to be expected that a great proud nation, broken and humiliated, would respond with turbulent gratitude to anyone who helped her to recover her self-esteem and face the world once more without shame. But those who are inclined to see only thankful exultation over rescued vanity in the present mood of the German people would sadly misunderstand and therefore underrate what has happened. For in Germany today there is none of the truculence of a greedily recovered self-confidence, none of the self-complacency of a people basking in a light which their sense of superiority claims. On the contrary, everything is reserved, serene, almost reticent, as if beneath the inexpressible joy that everyone feels, there stirred the constantly sobering reflection that the defeat, the humiliation and the shame of yesterday was a judgment, a penance for the mistakes of the older generation.

The Fuehrer never loses an opportunity of reminding them of this. But it is a thought that must form spontaneously in most of their minds, because their behaviour, even towards strangers and foreigners, bears the stamp

of it. They appear to have reached a level of self-respect from which they look down with anxious dread upon any impulse, word, or action which might bear an a-social or negative interpretation. Petty deeds of mutual strife, hostility or exploitation, are naturally scorned as *infra-dignitatem*. Again and again the visitor is impressed by the scrupulous honesty, consideration, patience, and willingness of menials, public servants and the rank and file of Government employees. I could mention scores of instances of this. The tone of the country seems to be set by the general consciousness that a great common good is being served, and that those who depart too conspicuously from the example of impersonal effort set by the Fuehrer may wreck his prodigious scheme. Thus a mood prevails which makes certain things—mean, ill-natured thoughts and actions—appear unworthy of a great nation stirred and united by a lofty purpose.

"Not individual gain, but the common good!" This can be read on almost every hoarding. And it is no empty phrase. It genuinely inspires the mass of the people, and makes for a wholesome reluctance to indulge in ill-informed criticism and fault-finding, while the gigantic work of reconstruction is in progress. Indeed, the Fuehrer himself is the very last to claim infallibility in his function, and with a wisdom surely exceptional in history repeatedly takes the people into his confidence to remind them that, if he is to act with courage and a cheerful readiness to shoulder responsibilities, they must allow him occasionally to make mistakes.

The last great movement of anything like the same importance as National Socialism was the Reformation. With his teaching, the fire he put into it, and the music and song he used so skilfully to carry it into the hearts of the people, Luther swept the country. But he divided Germany and left it divided. Even the united Empire created by Bismarck, although it integrated a

congeries of petty States whose rulers had often been dominated by mutual jealousies, left Germany in the grip of parties whose rivalries proved even more dangerous and disintegrating.

The Nazi movement, however, has united the country as no country has been united since the Renaissance. It has not merely destroyed the barriers between the States, it has obliterated the demarcations of factions. There are no parties today in Germany. Nor should there be in any so-called " nation."

If the people naturally look up to their leader more as a Saviour than a statesman, more as a Heaven-sent prophet than a politician, if at the loudspeakers fixed to almost every pillar and post in the land, they hang on his words and his voice and are ready to accept and do his bidding, and if to us in strife-ridden England they appear to be standardised, " conditioned," on a scale no free Briton would tolerate, let us in this country remember two important aspects of this state of affairs :

The first is that over here we cannot pretend to be able to fathom the depths of the humiliation they suffered after the Great War and therefore cannot appreciate the extent of their devotion to their rescuer.

The second is that we, too, in this country are standardised and " conditioned " on a vast and alarming scale. But whereas in Germany the standardising and conditioning powers are responsible and ready to answer for the effects they produce, over here these powers are wholly irresponsible and, as things are, could not by any conceivable means be made to answer for what their untrammelled use of publicity enables them to effect in the moulding of so-called " public-opinion ".

Herr von Ribbentrop assured me that if to-morrow the Fuehrer were to ask the German people to do without sheets on their beds, they would cheerfully accede to his request and, to a family, give up this form of comfort.

There seems to me not the slightest doubt that this is true. But before we call such a request tyranny, and

the hearty response to it slavery, let us be quite sure that we understand the amount of mutual confidence, affection and respect it implies.

When I was asked by a prominent member of the Government, a man who, in his day, had ruled over one of the smaller nominally autonomous States of the old Empire, to sum up in a line how the Germany of the Third Reich impressed me, I replied that I could think of nothing like it in recent history and could compare it only to what I imagined western Europe must have been when our great Gothic cathedrals were being built.

Nor is there anything factitious or perfunctory in the enthusiasm with which the people acclaim and welcome the enigmatical figure who has contrived to strike this deep religious note in their hearts. I witnessed two public appearances of the Fuehrer. I saw him drive into a vast stadium at half-past eight in the morning to address 80,000 children of the *Hitler Youth Movement*, and a few thousand adults; and, an hour or two later, I saw him arrive at the *Lustgarten* in the centre of Berlin to address a vast assembly of working men and specially invited guests of both sexes.

On both occasions something more than ordinary enthusiasm was displayed and no visitor required to understand the language in order to feel the magic of the moment.

Long before the actual appearance of the smart black touring car bearing the Leader, the ringing cheers of the populace could be heard in the distance drawing gradually nearer and nearer, until, when the car entered the arena, the whole gathering of thousands took up the cry and, standing with right arms raised, shook the May morning with their greetings.

"*Sieg!*" (Victory) he cried.

"*Heil Hitler!*" the throng roared in return.

"*Sieg!*" he cried again.

"*Heil Hitler!*" came the response once more.

"*Sieg!*" he cried for the third and last time.

"*Heil Hitler!*" was thundered back by 100,000 voices.

No sense of humour!—No! But we should be thankful that there are still occasions, even in modern England, when a sense of humour would be thought out of place. We still see no humour in the death of a beloved relative or in a broken heart, or a lost love. And is it not possible for the degree of passion behind the love for a relative or a betrothed to be equalled by the love for a figure which stands for the salvation of a people's native land, their pride and their hopes?

I certainly saw no sign of a sense of humour in the reception given to the Fuehrer on these two occasions. But I witnessed instead something bordering on the magic, someting which although beyond reason, was anything but madness.

I saw bent old men and women who must have known Bismarck, the Kaiser William I, and the glorious early seventies of last century, and I saw crowds of educated and uneducated middle-aged people, young men and women and adolescents, thousands of whom could never have seen the days of the Empire. But one and all displayed the same passionate affection of children in the presence of the Fuehrer, and to watch them was to learn what miracles can still be wrought with the ultra-civilised and often effete populations of modern Europe if only they are given a lofty purpose.

This is surely the secret of the perpetual hold religions have on men, and it explains Adolf Hitler's magic influence. To exhort men to commercial and industrial prosperity is not enough. To stimulate them to make good in individual enterprise, in profit-making, in self-help, ultimately leaves the best elements of the nation cold—not merely cold, but fractious, restless, mutually negative and given to petty criticism and fault-finding. In fact it creates the populace which is typical of modern democratic politics, and makes possible every kind of

large-scale fraud, from a general election to the vast advertisement hoardings of a city like London.

The religious appeal, however, by giving men a higher, impersonal purpose, sets humanity at one stroke above the market-place, above considerations of merely individual gain, with all that these mean in internecine and suicidal struggle. And to have given his nation such a purpose, to have persuaded them that such a purpose can be worth while, is the secret of the Fuehrer's magic. To my mind this constitutes his chief importance to the German nation.

It is perhaps a pure coincidence that this man who, according to his own admission, moves and acts in State affairs with the somnambulistic certainty (*nachtwandlerische Sicherheit*) of a sleep-walker—that is to say, whose most important decisions spring from the mysterious strata of the Unconscious—should have chosen for the badge of his Party and his Movement the ancient mystic sign known as the *Gammadion*, *Fylfot*, or *Swastika*. But when we bear in mind that this very badge was once the symbol of a mysterious cult, and has for countless ages stood as the sign of a particularly instinctive and deep-seated form of worship, the choice of the symbol seems particularly apt. For the fact that Germany is to-day stirred by a purpose super-personal and therefore intensely religious, is beyond question.

Whether the conspicuous diminution in crime all over the country is to be ascribed to this religious mood, I cannot pretend to judge. If, however, I throw my mind back, as I like to do, to the days in western Europe when our great cathedrals were springing up in almost every large town, I imagine that they, too, must have been times of a low incidence of crime. For it is impossible to believe that all that anonymous, impersonal work, which must in millions of cases have offered no hope of being completed before those engaged upon it died, could have been performed in any mood which promoted the negativism of crime.

When, therefore, we learn from Liebermann von Sonnenberg, the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of the German Government, that since 1932, crime in Germany has declined 50 per cent., and in some districts actually as much as 60 per cent., and that in all Prussian towns of over 50,000 inhabitants, murders have declined 32 per cent., robberies by violence 63 per cent. and burglaries 52 per cent., it ought not to surprise us.

To suppose that, in such a mood and with such impersonal strivings, the German nation can now entertain purely predatory and venal aims would be wholly to misunderstand the feat Adolf Hitler has performed, and the metamorphosis his magic has effected.

He has effected this transformation on a foundation of repentance, on the constant reminder that Germany's defeat and humiliation were a judgment and a penalty. Those who have been chastened by his appeal, and they represent over 90 per cent. of the German nation, cannot, therefore, be insincere in their desire for a relationship of peace and friendship with their neighbours and particularly with England.

This is not to say, however, that peace and friendship do not impose certain duties of mutual consideration on the parties concerned. But it struck me that it is only to that feeling of duty, and not to ideals of force and violence, that modern Germans now look with hope for the redress of their wrongs and the relief of their domestic difficulties.

Thus the greatest of the Fuehrer's reforms and most creative of his innovations, as I hope to show, have aimed at construction and development at home. And if, in this work, Hitler and his advisers have in the last three years performed miracles, about which we in this country hear little, and appear to care less, it is to the rigorous press-censorship now prevailing over here that we must ascribe both our ignorance and indifference.

The Revival of Agriculture

By Major R. H. Dorman Smith, M.P., President of the National Farmers' Union

THIS subject has occupied the minds of those concerned with English farming ever since Great Britain decided to sacrifice her land on the altar of industrialism. Since the repeal of the Corn Laws and all that they implied, the countryside has been fighting for its life—not only against the industrial system itself but against the attitude of mind produced by that system.

The first matter that must be considered is the cause of the decline in agriculture. The decline set in from the moment when this country was persuaded into thinking that prosperity could be measured only in terms of pounds, shillings and pence—in material things. The scramble for money during the period of the Industrial Revolution gave strength to that point of view and had the effect of creating in the minds of the mass of people a new and an entirely false standard of values. Time was when we considered ourselves prosperous if we could achieve health and security. Happiness then came through pride in craftsmanship, through being able to attain a degree of individual independence and expression.

The urge for individuality, for sturdy independence, readiness to accept responsibility is gradually being killed. The modern parent no longer brings up his child to value such virtues. Instead he points with pride to our great Social Services and assures his off-spring that such progress has this country made that he (the child) need not worry about responsibilities. The State will relieve him of that necessity. The State is prepared to look after the individual from before birth, all through life and finally lower him into a neat municipal grave. The parent finishes his talk by stating roundly that we can justly claim to possess the highest standard of living in the whole world. That attitude of mind is the clue to the decline of agriculture. The country now worships the fetish of a material standard of living—even though that

standard may not bring with it a very high standard of happiness or health.

When the claims of agriculture are pressed the answer is usually forthcoming that an extreme agrarian policy will lower the standard of living. To most people the prospect of such a calamity precludes further argument. Fresh food is no substitute for a wireless set and the claims of health against culture are of no avail. This is strange when culture is disappearing so obviously except among the craftsman class, but modern thought is strange. The fact remains that the land pleads in vain against this modern outlook on life.

More than one hundred years ago, in the name of progress, this country adopted a policy of Free Trade. We deliberately closed our eyes to the effect which that policy might have on the soil of these islands. The soil that feeds us in crisis and breeds our human type quite as much as the stock and the crops. To-day we have gone the full cycle. Free Trade is dead; we are again a Protectionist country. But so little have we learnt from the lessons of the last hundred years that there now is a real danger that Protection will be applied with scant respect for the needs of the land and the people, and so will lose its real value. The new protection will protect wealth and not life and character as did the old.

At every stage we are reminded by the Government that Great Britain is still a great industrial country relying for her well-being on the buoyancy of international trade, that we cannot afford to take the risk of losing the advantages which the Industrial system has given to us. Although international trade is anything but buoyant and shows no sign of becoming buoyant, still we lack decision in dealing with our agrarian problem. It would seem that the country would be content if a position could be arrived at where individual farmers employing no labour were just able to keep their heads above water. The brake has got to be kept on home production lest the industrial system should be at all upset and made

unable to take advantage of any revival of international trade. The policy of waiting for something to turn up is quite wrong when we have in agriculture an industry capable of immediate expansion.

It is time to doubt whether the progress which the industrial system is reputed to have brought possesses all the virtues which are claimed on its behalf. An industrial system based on export is one which to succeed must have at its beck and call a vast army of casual labour, to be pulled into the machine when demand is good, to be discarded when demand slackens. A great body of workers are never secure in their employment as they are in a well farmed countryside. Districts like South Wales and the North-East Coast, once predominantly agricultural, are now industrial areas. They have served theirpurpose and become derelict or distressed areas.

Again, to feed this machinery of industry, people bred more and more children, relying on it to provide them with the means of livelihood. Now the system is not capable of absorbing them, so millions of our potential industrial workers are suffering from malnutrition. We are informed that out of every three recruits who offer themselves to the fighting services one is turned down as unfit. Further, we are warned that for all time we may have to contemplate catering for the needs of about a million souls who never will have the opportunity to find permanent employment. Continued Progress does not offer much and it is no consolation to be told that our standard of living is on the up-grade. We may have the finest (and fullest) hospitals in the world and our system of unemployment Insurance may be a model for less enlightened countries. Moreover the lowness of our cost of living may compare favourably with that of any other country. This form of bluff cannot indefinitely avail our statesmen in their urban constituencies. The country should realise that the risks attached to a complete reliance on export trade are too great.

The depression of 1929 has not taught this country any lesson. The unwisdom of putting almost complete reliance on markets over which we have no control persists. Meanwhile those countries that were wont to take our goods have set up their own factories. A spirit of economic nationalism has grown up throughout the world. The evidence is too clear in our own Dominions. Only the other day the Prime Minister of New South Wales reminded us that it would be folly to sacrifice our home agriculture in the hope of selling more manufactured goods to Australia, insomuch that Australia had no intention of neglecting her secondary industries just in order to create a market for British manufacture. Again, the Labour government in New Zealand have made it clear that they intend to give all necessary protection to their secondary industries and that they will accept our goods only after that condition has been satisfied. The same remarks apply to South American countries and even to European countries which used to be primarily agricultural. The need for the revival of Home Agriculture is more essential now than ever, if only to create a new market to take the place of those which are lost for ever.

At one period it seemed as though the National Government not only recognised this fact but were going to take vigorous action in the right direction. It was their intention (if we understood it aright) so to restrict the importations of overseas supplies of foodstuffs that Home Agriculture might expand. At that time their approach to the whole problem seemed to be not as to whether Great Britain could save Agriculture but whether Agriculture could save Great Britain. Since then things have altered and the country has enjoyed a trade boom of no mean dimensions. Because of that boom the main issues have become obscured. Fear has momentarily departed and stimulants like the *Queen Mary* have roused dutch courage. The simple fact is that the recent big boom in building has given a great impetus to home trade. It has been of benefit to the nation, but it does not alter the gravity of

the situation. It cannot last for ever. That fact was recognised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in December last. He expressed some concern as to what might happen when the boom came to an end, but comforted himself by saying (in effect) that it would be time then to think of something else. That something else may now be the armament boom.

However, the time will come when agriculture will be the only alternative. It is only wise to lay plans to meet a situation which is bound to arise. There can be no doubt but that agriculture is capable of making a really valuable contribution to our economic problems. What the extent of that contribution might be was summed up in Lord Lymington's book *Horn, Hoof and Corn*:

> "We are capable of employing well over half a million more workers on the land. We are capable of producing at least £200,000,000 worth of imported foodstuffs at home while only increasing our feed bill by less than £50,000,000.
>
> The indirect employment from this would amount to another half million workers at least, not counting the impetus to country towns of such a teeming countryside. But from the point of view of the State it would mean a population engaged in a lifelong occupation, regaining and developing skill, patience, courage and health. Moreover, many of this half million would be suited, from the nature of their occupation and its economic aspect, to be their own masters, as freeholders or lessees."

Though these words were written some four or five years ago they will still stand examination. Moreover the argument has been reaffirmed recently in much greater detail by Professor Stapledon in his book *The Land : Now and To-morrow*. Professor Stapledon has dealt further with the whole question of fertility and the amount of land at the moment shamefully below a normal standard of productivity. It is an aspect of the case that will take

time to alter, if this possible expansion of agriculture is to come about.

This concerns the whole question of national defence. It is too obvious an aspect to demand detailed analysis. Moreover, Agriculture should not be treated as a department of defence. War is only a temporary issue but a nation should live prepared for such contingencies as the surest way to peace. That is a lesson that can be learned from Russia, Italy or Germany. There is nothing more ridiculous than to see ploughs ripped in panic into tennis courts and derelict areas at the outbreak of a war. The land should always be kept in a state of maximum cultivation and fertility. The position at the moment is that if a special effort was required Agriculture would be very slow to respond; bracken grows on thousands of acres that produced wheat in the dark days of 1917. There is much ground to be made up and much re-equipment required if our acres are to produce their maximum. If a crisis was to come even four years hence, it would be late to commence large scale operation.

In view of these considerations it is necessary to decide what line of policy should be adopted. The prerequisite however is for the Government to reverse its process of reasoning. To-day they consider the production of home food supplies first from the point of view of the consumer (of whom they are afraid); secondly from the point of view of the farmer as an individual (whom they want to placate just sufficiently so that his vote will not go astray); and lastly they give some thought to the land itself (if fear of war looms). This order must be reversed. The only thing which really counts is the land. If its fertility is destroyed, the farmer will disappear and the consumer will find nothing to consume. The immediate problem is to get the land back to its proper function. To-day the balance of agriculture has been slowly destroyed. Useful arable land has been forced into becoming mediocre grass. Cattle rearing has become so unprofitable that those farms which should concentrate on that work

have now given it up and are selling milk. Farms which have for long years devoted themselves to the production of milk now find such fierce competition from unexpected quarters that they are being forced out of business. Barley is such a money-losing crop that farmers of land peculiarly suited for the growing of barley are forced to adopt any expedient to avoid growing it. The great arable districts which once carried an enormous head of cattle to provide dung for their crops can no longer afford to employ those cattle. They are being compelled to use artificial manures to the detriment of the breeder of cattle—and certainly not to the benefit of their land. Everywhere there is a gradual but nevertheless a very sure deterioration in the fertility of the soil. The land is now a wasting asset and a halt will only be called if our first consideration is for the soil and our whole policy framed to increase its productivity.

So far as the farmer is concerned, the main problem is one of price. He knows what to do with the land, but he will not be able to function properly if he has eternally to face a loss on his operations. His craftsmanship will be lost if it is not adequately rewarded. The farmer, or anyone else who may go back to the land, requires a price for his products that will enable him to maintain the standards of British farming. He must be assisted to compete with the low standards of his competitors, without having to degrade himself and his land to their level, and to face the bankrupt stock which comes even from our own Dominions, without himself being forced into bankruptcy. In short, a standard minimum price must be fixed for all produce of the British countryside. There is nothing revolutionary in the idea. In fact, where in the past a hall-mark of quality in production was exacted, such a price was the very obvious compensation.

There are two methods of achieving this end. First, imports can be restricted so that prices will rise through the lack of abundance of supplies. Secondly a tax can be levied on imports and the proceeds utilised to bridge

the gap between the costs of production according to British standards and the price at which overseas suppliers are prepared to sell in this market. The latter method is to be favoured. It will be no solution to our problem merely to bring about an increase in prices without any respect to the ability of the consumer to pay for our goods. That lesson has been learned from experience where wages are concerned. A subsidy has at least the virtue of making a sharp rise in prices unnecessary. A moderate levy on all meat supplies coming from overseas (with a preference to our Dominion suppliers) would create a fund sufficient to ensure to both our feeders and our breeders of cattle a fair standard price without calling on the Exchequer for any contribution towards such a subsidy. It must be a tax on all meat and the Dominions must be prepared to pay their toll for this market.

Nothing short of an adequate levy on imported milk products can ever put milk production at home on a sound and remunerative basis. The argument does not impress that the present increase in the production of milk shows of itself that that department of agriculture is healthy. There are many districts which are hanging on by their eyelids—and some which can hang on no longer. Until those who have been forced into milk against their will are enabled to go back to their jobs, and until the price received by the Board for manufacturing milk is materially raised, there can be no permanent settlement of the difficulties affecting milk producers.

So one could go on—each and every commodity demands its own special treatment. By means of a tariff designed to discourage imports we probably could become self-supporting in eggs without detriment to the consumer. Pigs, barley and other commodities all have their problems which are not at all incapable of solution *if the country wills that they should be solved.*

We return to the original argument that a change of outlook is the first essential. The land presents funda-

mentally a moral and not an economic problem. Our Governments, unlike those of Germany and Italy and even Russia, do not inspire or change the prevalent values of the day. They are themselves ruled by the untutored dictates of greatest numbers. This revaluation must be done outside the arena of votes and divisions. Suffice it to add, that was such a change of attitude to come and the land to be again regarded as the only source of real wealth, peace and contentment might reign again in a world of suspicion and unrest.

The Nun

"The indelicate wind," said the Nun, "catches my veil
With his cold hands and bares my shamefast face.
He clasps my virgin waist. I wait
For him as earthly mistresses
Dwell by the window, leaning
To hear their lover's song, and yet I shroud
My white, untarnished face."

"The importunate sun," said the Nun, "kisses my hand
And colours my pale lips. I draw away
Veiling the bleached cheek from his mouth.
Tales I have heard of how young girls
In his desiring light conceived.
Chaste, chaste am I, and clasp my body close,
The dedicate to God."

The barren Nun trod down the paths towards
The centred shade of fruited apple trees.
Possessor of herself. Thus jealously,
She guarded her white body still,
Whilst the questing lark from the grass
Leaped to the light. She only with regret
Lingered and knew no singing.

M. STANLEY-WRENCH.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

(Sir Charles has resumed his old position as Foreign Editor of the *English Review*, and we have asked him in this number to give his impressions of a recent visit to the Mediterranean.—Editor.)

I LEFT London for Athens on May 6, and travelled by the Simplon-Orient Express through Milan to Venice. My last visit to Italy had been made some eighteen months previously, and I was anxious to see what effect had been produced by the imposition of Sanctions, not least on the popular feeling towards foreigners. It is probably not too much to say that in nearly every other country in the world such a provocative attitude as that adopted by Mr. Eden would have resulted in hostility being manifested in some quarters towards his fellow-countrymen, but of such behaviour in Italy I found no trace. During the next few weeks I travelled many hundreds of miles in Italian boats and trains, openly talking English with my wife, but never once did I meet with anything but the most perfect courtesy, although a citizen of a state which all Italians feel has treated them most unjustly.

Venice was still celebrating the fall of Addis Ababa, and groups of excited youths bore caricatures of the Negus on poles round the Piazza di San Marco. In the evening there was an enormous crowd in the square, listening to the band, but it was good-humoured for all its patriotism. Indeed, it would seem as if the victory in Abyssinia has brought a new spirit into Italy, and the fierce intolerance of the early days of Fascism is a thing of the past. The Italian is now so sure of himself and of his country that there is no need for him to flaunt his sentiments in the face of others. Perhaps, too, he is beginning to think Imperially, and this is having the sobering effect upon him that it once had upon us.

Greece under the Restoration

FROM Venice I travelled in a Lloyd Triestino boat to the Piraeus, taking nearly three days over the journey, and putting in at Brindisi for a few hours. The success of the Greek Restoration has to be witnessed on the spot to be believed. King George II only returned to his throne last November, after an exile of eleven years; yet the monarchical regime is everywhere, save among the Communists, accepted without question. Diplomats tell one that they can transact their business in a third of the time it took under the republic, and the ordinary Greek, whose one desire is to be left alone to get on with his business, is loud in his praise of an order of things which has delivered him from repeated revolutions.

The credit for this is due to the King personally. No one who knew him had any doubt that the Greeks were extremely fortunate in their monarch, but even those who appreciated him most wondered how long it would take for him to impress his personality on his subjects. The firmness of his attitude towards General Condylis, and his determination to be King of all the Hellenes, not of a section only, brought this about in a few days, and the demonstrations whenever he appears in public are eloquent testimony to his popularity among all classes. An old lieutenant of M. Venizelos put the position very well to me: "The plebiscite on the Restoration was faked by Condylis, but the King would get that majority now on a free vote."

The Political Situation

THE last Greek elections, held under Proportional Representation, gave neither the Populists nor the Liberals a working majority, and the only solution proved to be the formation of a non-party administration. General Metaxas, the Prime Minister, obtained a vote of confidence from the Chamber, and is now governing by decree with the consent of the party leaders, for Parlia-

ment is in recess until September. He has some able lieutenants, not least M. Mansavino, the Finance Minister, and there are many Greeks who would like to see the existing state of affairs continue indefinitely. In view of the mortality among the old political leaders, and the apparent difficulty of replacing them, it may last longer than is commonly supposed.

The clouds on the Greek horizon are financial. Like ourselves, the Greeks made the mistake of taking the League of Nations at its own valuation, and now they are faced with an expensive programme of re-armament. As if this were not enough, there are the Bondholders clamouring to be satisfied. Moreover, Greece is very poor, as may be seen by the fact that a recent examination of the conditions of five hundred working-class families showed that half of them lived on a wage of under £4 a month. It is not going to be easy to raise the money necessary for defence and the contentment of the Bondholders without placing a weapon in the hands of the Communists, and as it is in the interests of Great Britain that Greece should be strong and independent, Whitehall might well see that she is not pressed too hard by her creditors. Communism has as yet no great hold on the country, and the last General Strike was a dismal failure : nevertheless, it does exist, and must be considered a danger, especially in view of what is happening at the other end of the Mediterranean

The Balkan Pact

THERE was much talk in Athens of the recent meeting in Belgrade of the signatories of the Balkan Pact. That title is somewhat of a misnomer, for the only real Balkan Power, namely Bulgaria, is not a party to the agreement. The conference in Belgrade served a useful purpose, for the Greeks made it quite clear that they have no intention of becoming involved in any Central European adventures. The Government of the Restora-

tion fully realizes that the future of Greece, like her past, lies to the South, and not among the mountains of the North. It is to be congratulated on the line that has been taken, for it is well to have these points settled in advance, and not to wait until the crisis comes, as happened twenty-one years ago.

There is complete agreement among all parties in Greece as to the necessity of keeping clear of any entanglements far afield in which Jugoslavia, for example, might become involved. Friendship with both Great Britain and Italy is the general desire in Athens. As for the remilitarization of the Straits, this is regarded as inevitable, and therefore it was not opposed. As in England, there are those who regard it as a Russian move, but definite evidence on this point is not easy to obtain.

Italy Today

AFTER spending a fortnight in Athens I took another Italian boat to Brindisi, and proceeded somewhat leisurely from there to Rome by way of Bari, Benevento, and Caserta. The more I discussed the repercussions of the Abyssinian problem with Italians the more impressed I became with the unanimity of opinion behind Signor Mussolini. This is not, as anti-Fascists would have us believe, due to fear, but is the result of conviction. The imposition of Sanctions and the attitude of the British Government have rallied the country as never before, and even in those aristocratic circles where criticism of the regime was so marked until a year ago there is now no note of opposition. More than one of the most prominent *fuorusciti* has recently rallied to the Government. It is a common joke all over the peninsula that the three men who have made United Italy are Count Cavour, Signor Mussolini, and Mr. Eden.

Sanctions are resented as an affront, rather than as an economic handicap, and there is little sign that they have caused any serious inconvenience. Indeed, a

paradoxical situation has arisen, for important Italian manufacturers now openly welcome Sanctions as a valuable form of Protection, and have no desire to see them lifted. Many of the nations which voted at Geneva for their imposition have made no effort to apply them. No American Power, except Canada, Mexico, and Colombia, has put them into force, and in Europe the non-sanctionist countries include Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Albania. Nor is this all, for more than one of the upholders of the Covenant has been doing extensive business with Italy on the sly. Of course there has been a drain on the gold reserve, but the surrender of the wedding-rings brought in two milliards of lire. It is true that Sanctions might well have throttled a Liberal State, but a Corporate State, with its control over distribution, is another matter, even if they had been seriously applied.

Italy and Britain

AT the same time there is a general, and genuine, desire in Italy to re-establish the old friendly relations with Great Britain. It is widely felt that if the only stable countries in Europe continue to bicker they may bring the whole of Western civilization down in the course of their quarrel. Italy and Great Britain are Mediterranean Powers, and the situation in that part of the world is going from bad to worse. Spain is in a state of anarchy, France is facing one of the greatest crises of her history, and the Islamic countries are seething with unrest. If Great Britain and Italy can sink their differences they may be able to make head against the forces of disorder : otherwise, the outlook must be black indeed.

It is high time that the League of Nations enthusiasts, Socialists, sentimentalists, *et hoc genus omne* told us what other solution they have to offer. Italy will shed the last drop of her blood in defence of her conquests, let there be no mistake about that ; and in any war to deprive her of them we should fight alone. The British people

have no intention of engaging in such a struggle, and the sooner the pacifists realize the fact the better. If we do not bury the hatchet with Italy others will take advantage of the opportunity the present situation offers. Surely we have as a nation too much sense of humour to continue, for the sake of Geneva, to pretend that Manchukuo does not, and that Abyssinia does, exist.

The Austrian Situation

ITALIANS are far from happy about the present dilemma in Austria, which appears insoluble save by force. If the country is to be really independent it can only be after the return of the Habsburgs, which both Germany and the Little Entente threaten to oppose by arms. There is no other solution, and in existing circumstances Austria is to Italy as a powder-magazine which may explode at any moment. The situation complicates Italian relations with Germany, for although the military chiefs have no great desire for the incorporation of Austria in the Reich, Herr Hitler has sentimental leanings in favour of the *Anschluss*.

Prior to the dismissal of Prince Starhemberg it was assumed that the existing Austrian regime could maintain itself against any purely internal revolt, but whether this is still the case remains to be seen. The obvious necessity for keeping a close watch on events North of the Brenner is a further explanation of the relief felt by all thinking Italians at the victorious conclusion of the war against Abyssinia.

The State of France

ON my way home I saw the ominous sight of the Red Flag flying over the French factories. All over Europe people are enquiring anxiously what is likely to happen in Paris, and it is no use blinking the fact that France seems to be advancing at an accelerated pace along the road already trodden by Italy and Germany. Before the

elections the *Croix de Feu* expressed its hope that they would result in large gains for the Communists, and the collapse of the Centre: the wish has been fulfilled. If M. Blum takes his orders from the Communists, the *bourgeoisie* will flock to the protection of the *Croix de Feu;* if he defies them, they will resort to direct action, and the result will be the same. The Third Republic may yet end in the same manner as the Second.

In any event it is highly improbable that France will be in a position to play an important part in international affairs for some time to come, and that is an added reason for an Anglo-Italian understanding. Once the latter has been reached it may be possible to revive the project of the Four Power Pact by extending it to include France and Germany. The League in its present form is dead, though unfortunately some of our fellow-countrymen are inclined to forget that, to quote the late Lord Salisbury, "the commonest error in politics is sticking to the carcases of dead policies." The time is short, and if action is not taken there may soon be other groupings of the Powers very detrimental to British interests.

British Prestige

TO return to England from the Continent these latter days is like leaving a busy thoroughfare for a quiet garden, and at first one is grateful for the atmosphere of calm. Then one resents the apparent indifference of public opinion to the loss of British prestige abroad during the last few months. In Athens I was discussing the future of the Negus with a Greek friend, who asked, with a twinkle in his eye: "Couldn't he set up house with the Turkish Sultan whom you English advised against making any terms with Mustapha Kemal?" The gibe that since the war we have only too often deserted those who trusted us is unhappily true, as the case of the Greeks in their invasion of Asia Minor, and of the Chinese, clearly prove, not to mention the Irish Loyalists.

In the *English Review* of last December I wrote that "the most skilful diplomacy will be required to prevent a repetition of the rebuff of 1863–4, when Palmerston had to climb down to Bismarck after threatening him with all sorts of penalties if he laid hands on Schleswig-Holstein." The situation to-day is the same as on the morrow of that rebuff, and we may count ourselves lucky that it is only in the field of diplomacy we have suffered a reverse. The prestige of Great Britain is unlikely to recover while the Prime Minister at one moment sends the Fleet into the Mediterranean to coerce a foreign Power in a quarrel which is not ours, and at the next declares that if his lips were unsealed he would tell the world how impotent the country really is. Drastic changes at home are essential before Englishmen will again be able to hold up their heads abroad.

Hypodermics for a Dying Race

By Willard Price

THE population of the Marquesas has shrunk to one tenth of its former size. That of the Solomons to one quarter. The hundred thousand inhabitants of the Marianas before the foreigner came dwindled to three thousand during Spanish and German control. The native population of the Marshalls, fifteen thousand before the Germans took the islands in 1885, has dropped by a third. There is but one native in Sonsorol for every two twenty years ago. Two thousand natives of Kusaie before American whalers came roistering ashore dropped to two hundred before the end of the Spanish regime. Death and desolation on Tahiti caused a native poet to lament that, like falling leaves or sinking sands, his people must vanish.

What are the causes of the general decline of the island population of the Pacific ?

Yap and adjacent islands may be taken as a case in point. Yap is peculiarly interesting, since the causes are here unusually plain, and here also a noteworthy effort is being made to check the decline. The island is in the Carolines, under mandate to Japan from the League of Nations. The population of Yap has faded from about 13,000 in early Spanish times to 6,605 to-day.

Some say that the native population would have dwindled even if the white man had never entered the South Seas. There is no sound basis for such a statement. But it is equally dogmatic to claim that it is all the white man's fault. The truth lies between.

The white man is not to blame because the Yap Kanakas wash the body of a dead chief in water and then drink the water. Thinking thereby to quaff the great man's strength, they actually take over and spread his infections.

The white man did not teach the natives to plunge a fever patient into the sea, or to lay one suffering with chills against an open fire.

Native medicines are sometimes effective ; more often they are nullified by superstition. The prescription does not depend so much upon what ails the patient as upon how it came to ail him. If your rib is broken, the macha-mach (medicine man or wizard) must first know how it happened. If a coconut fell upon you as you lay under the tree, you get one medicine. If you were struck by something falling from a roof, quite a different medicine. If you fell and hurt yourself upon the stones, still something different.

In other words, the medicine is not planned especially to mend a broken rib, but to appease an angry spirit. And since the spirits of tree, roof and stone are different, different medicines must be employed.

Promiscuity at an early age and abnormal sex practices then and thereafter make men impotent and women sterile. Four women out of ten never bear a child and the others have only one or two in a lifetime.

Then, the moot question of clothing. Ultra-violet has taken the civilized world by storm. Sun baths are the rage. Nudist colonies flourish. Bathing suits are cut low and lower.

I reminded Dr. Nagasaki, head of the Yap hospital, of these facts. " Why then," I asked, " do you advocate clothing for the natives ? " " The ultra-violet rays are valuable," he said, " but in this latitude, and living an outdoor life, everybody is likely to get plenty of ultra-violet, even through light clothing. On the other hand, the bare skin is exposed to skin diseases. And on chill, rainy days one is more likely to catch cold if unclothed. Weak children, especially, need protection. Bronchial troubles are partly due to the lack of clothing. You have seen the men sitting directly on the damp ground."

Yes, I had. But I recalled the scene in the Spanish mission when a hundred Kanaka maidens switched their grass skirts under them and sat down on the cement floor. The voluminous grass bustles make excellent portable cushions.

"But perhaps you noticed that those skirts were green," said the doctor.. "They are made fresh for the Sunday service. Being green, they are damp. One skirt may actually contain a quart of water. We have frequently put these skirts on the scales. They weigh fifteen or sixteen kilograms. They are too heavy on the abdomen and their dampness is dangerous. Nothing at all would be better. And thin cotton dresses would mean more for the health of Yap women than all our medicines."

It's a pity. The picturesque costumes of the world seem destined to disappear and their place taken by cotton dresses and coats-and-pants.

The foreigner is not responsible for the damp, black hole of a house in which the Yap family chooses to live. The small door-windows with overhanging shutters resemble low-lidded eyes. Little light can get in through that narrow squint. In bad weather the house is closed as tight as a drum. The air, if it may be called air, becomes a thick purée of smoke, moisture and human exhalations. The enormous thatch roof is a reservoir of dampness. The floor consists of poles laid on the ground. The family lies on the floor as on a grill, the earth-vapours rising through the cracks.

No wonder that the traveller in the jungle who wishes to know whether a house is near, stops and listens for a cough.

So much for native negligence.

But that negligence runs back some thousands of years. If it had been sufficient to wipe out the race, then the race would never have developed in the first place. The Polynesian peoples would not have multiplied and spread, as they did, from south-eastern Asia over all the great island world of the Pacific. They were such a vigorous race that it took more than their own follies to kill them off.

Other follies were necessary, and the white man supplied them.

Dark, damp houses did no great harm until the Spanish brought in tuberculosis. That disease found the

living conditions of the Kanakas exactly suited to its purposes. To-day more than fifty per cent of the deaths on Yap are due to tuberculosis.

The damage unwittingly begun by the white man has been unintentionally continued by the yellow man in the Carolines.

"The Japanese who come to Palau spread tuberculosis," says Dr. Sekine of Palau. "The disease is old in Japan. Therefore the Japanese have some immunity from childhood. But the natives are virgin soil for it and can't resist."

Tuberculosis, gift of the white man and the yellow, is the chief cause of the high native death rate.

The low birth rate is also chargeable mainly to the outsider. The inability of Yap women to bear children is said to be chiefly due to venereal disease. And venereal disease was the longest memory left to the Kanaka maiden who stood on the shore and waved good-bye to the American whaler. The Spanish also spread this plague. Then the Kanakas learned their lesson. They closed their doors to the foreigner—a policy agreeable to the Japanese, who prefer to keep to themselves.

A German radio operator brought leprosy to Yap forty years ago. Dysentery was introduced in Palau before Spanish times by English traders.

"I became sick with it," says a Palau old-timer who was a lad in those days. "I nearly died. Every house was shut up. It was a terrible disease.....terrible. Our village buried five or six men every day. Funeral processions were always passing. More than half the people of the island died. Oh, it was terrible. When I talk of it, the hair stands up on my skin."

This epidemic, which cut the population of Palau in half, was followed by others almost as serious.

There was no general decline in population until these white maladies were imported. But, on the other hand, white maladies would not have swept through like a

typhoon if native conditions had not been prime for disaster.

So what ? The yellow man comes on the scene to see all the damage wreaked by the white man and to wreak a little more himself. With all the Exhibits A, B, C, etc., of the past century's sorry experience laid before him, what is he going to do about it ?

Much.

There are eight government hospitals in the Japanese mandated Islands, with a staff of twenty-five physicians, seven pharmacists, twenty-three midwives and nurses and seven assistants. In addition there are several hundred medical depots.....which means simply that first aid materials and mild medicines are placed in charge of a village chief or king and dispensed free by him (generally for the wrong ailments) to suffering neighbours.

The hospitals are not merely hospitals. They are made responsible for the public health. They train as well as treat. Each year every hospital selects the ten brightest girls from the graduating class of the local school, puts them in white caps and smocks, drills them for one year in the wards, then sends them back to their native villages. There they become the special pain-in-the-side of the machamach or medicine men who resent the growing confidence of the people in these amateurs who do not even know the words to say with a sting-ray wand. These girls are not constituted district nurses. They are unpaid. They marry and settle down. But the ailing make a path to their door.

No one has ever charged the Japanese with being remiss in public surveillance of private affairs. Through such watchfulness, distressing as it may be to the individual, epidemics are reported and checked almost before they begin.

" I can't sneeze without the junke (native policeman) making a notch in his stick," complained one native.

Sanitary conditions are being forcibly mended. Natives are mobilized to build concrete water-tanks, and iron

roofs from which rain water may run into the tanks. Travelling physicians motor-boat from island to island to diffuse sanitary knowledge among the natives by means of popular lectures and magic lantern and cinematograph shows.

Lepers, usually hidden by relatives, are ferreted out and consigned to a small " leper island " where they are being scientifically treated. Five hostels are being established this year in Yap alone for tubercular patients, and similar retreats elsewhere. School children are being taught prevention. Microscopes are making the rounds of the villages so that natives may acquire a first-hand horror of the tubercle-bacillus.

It is to the credit of the health authorities that deaths from tuberculosis on Yap have been reduced from twenty per thousand seven years ago to nine per thousand. But the doctors are going on with the hope of reaching the figure for Japan, which is less than two per thousand.

" Model houses " are being built. There are already one hundred in Yap and they are increasing at the rate of thirty a year. The government pays one half the cost of construction.....:then dictates what shall be done. The roof must not be of thatch, but of corrugated iron. (Farewell to romance !) There must be real doors and windows. The floor must be raised a meter from the ground so that air may pass freely beneath it.....but not through it. It must be a solid floor, not a sieve. And there must be beds for sleeping.

" Why," I asked the Japanese, " when you yourselves sleep on the floor ? "

" But the native floor is not clean."

And it will doubtless be many a long day before the Kanaka acquires anything like the Japanese sacred regard for the cleanliness of a floor.

The new houses are a serious artistic loss. They are iron-lidded wooden boxes on stilts. It is small consolation to the poet, the artist, and the photographer that these houses are the greatest single contribution to the health

of the natives. "Man shall not live by health alone," grumbled a painter from Kyoto dismayed by iron roofs.

There is less progress in clothing the natives. Those of Yap seem determined to resist this indignity to the bitter end. On a cold day the man who owns a pair of trousers may use it as a shawl, the legs tied under the chin. School children are given clothes and required to wear them in the classroom; which they obediently do, then leave them in their desks.

Venereal disease has been reduced but still affects a third of the population of Yap. With no new infection from the outside, it may be conquered in time.

The hospital's scouts coach expectant mothers on child care. The new-born babe should not be washed in the sea and then left, naked, to dry in the trade wind. Nor is a banana leaf sufficient protection for an infant. The hospital now issues a large bath towel to envelop each new-born.

An increasing number of women come to the hospital at the time of confinement. There the child gets a fair start in life. Although this service is free, many women cannot be persuaded to accept it.....so strong is prejudice and tradition.

Infant mortality during the first year after birth was sometimes reported during the Spanish regime to be as high as eighty per cent. By 1929 it had been reduced to thirty-nine per cent. Then more vigorous methods were adopted and during the last five years an average of only fifteen Yap babies in a hundred have perished during their first twelve-month.

The remarkable success of salvarsan in the treatment of framboesia (yaws) has helped the hospital to win its race with the machamach. Patients who have been relieved regard salvarsan almost as a fetish capable of curing anything from baldness to a broken leg.

Some remain stubborn in their fear of the hospital, particularly the old men. The only way to bring them is to make them fear more the consequences of not coming.

So they are told that if they refuse to come while alive they will be brought when dead.....and laid on the dissecting table, for the advancement of science. They dislike the idea. For it would mean, according to their lights, that they would not go to the aerial village, the Yap heaven. Their ghost, harassed and earth-bound, would annoy the neighbours. So, by one device or another, resistance to medical science is broken down.

Respect for the hospital has increased since the former free policy was abandoned and nominal charges have been made for most treatments. But still the fees can hardly be called exorbitant. It cost twenty sen (about three pence) to have a sea thorn extracted from Mrs. Price's foot. Eight shillings would have been a modest fee for similar attention in a London hospital. But while the foreigners and Japanese pay twenty sen, the charge to natives is only four sen. If they have no money, they are treated free. Of the total annual cost of the Yap hospital, which is Y35,000, only Y3,000 comes from patients.

All these facts render absurd the charge sometimes made that the Japanese are trying to wipe out the native race. Quite the contrary.

Yap population is declining ; but so it has been since early Spanish times. During the Spanish period the decrease was about two hundred a year. During the nineteen years from 1916 to 1934 inclusive the average yearly decline has been 119.3. But the next few years should show an even better record if one may judge by the low figures of the last few years of the nineteen. The decline in 1931 was only sixty ; in 1932, fifty-five ; in 1933, one hundred and fourteen ; in 1934, sixty-one.

" We believe the decline will soon be checked altogether," Dr. Yoshida told me. " Then there may be a gradual increase."

Of course it is the business of the hospital to save life. But there is a good deal of irony in the situation. Either a decrease or an increase will be bad for Yap. A

decrease may lead to extinction. An increase may lead to over-crowding of these small islands, and a return of the sordid poverty, hunger and contention of the days when the population was double its present size. Old-time Tahiti realized the peril of over-population..... infanticide was encouraged and the expression " vahine fanaunau " or " fertile woman " was a term of contempt. Thus geography alters morals. A large family is a public virtue in a continent with great hinterlands awaiting pioneers.....a public menace in an unstretchable island. Yap will be fortunate if the fates give her some sort of biological balance, a compromise between the rapacity of death and the zeal of the doctors, so that her population may remain about constant.

Nature seems to have attained that balance in the other islands of the Japanese mandate. Yap is the only important island to show a decline. The slump of the Marianas from 100,000 to 3,000 was checked in German times and there has since been a slight increase. The population of the Carolines (including Yap) has marked time, changing only from 35,200 in 1900 to an estimated 35,900 in 1935. Even without the handicap of Yap, the Carolines have shown an increase of only about 2,500 in a third of a century. The Marshalls, if they have not stood still, have only shuffled their feet forward and backward, the net result being nil. The population has wavered just below 10,000 ever since the German period.

The total native population of Micronesia when Japan occupied it in 1914 was about 50,000. To-day it is still about 50,000 (50,336 in 1934).

So the race may not vanish in Micronesia. The downward slide of the Polynesian peoples elsewhere in the Pacific is not found here. For this fact, Japanese science deserves much of the credit. The methods employed, while imperfect, are being studied to good effect by colonial administrators in other parts of the South Seas.

Lord Darling: an Appreciation

By Derek Walker-Smith

WITH the death of Lord Darling there has passed away one who became a great institution without ceasing to be a very loveable man.

To those who grew up at any time in the first quarter of the present century Mr. Justice Darling epitomised the Law. It was his great achievement that he removed from the mind of the public, for whom the Law Courts operate, the idea that the Law was dull, prosy and inhuman. It is true that Darling was not a great lawyer in the academic sense of the word, but in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, he became the outstanding judicial figure of his time. The success of his appointment, assailed at the time by those who had more legal learning than humanity, triumphantly vindicated the principle that the judicial Bench should represent humanity, kindliness and culture in addition to legal erudition.

Darling was more than an outstanding judicial figure. He had an admirable versatility of achievement and catholicity of taste, which is now a rarity. He was a man of wit, taste, culture and real kindliness. As a wit he was unfailingly amusing and often brilliant whether indulging in extempore bons mots from the Bench or in the more polished epigrams of " Seria Ludo " or " Scintillae Juris." The popular press has ascribed to him the paternity of many jokes which were not in fact genuine " Darlings." The genuine Darling witticism has distinct characteristics by which the connoiseur can tell it, for both in his wit and in his writings, Darling had a quality of exquisite and rather fragile disdain which scorned to appeal to a wider public. He was, in this sense, eighteenth-century in his outlook. He disliked illiteracy and phillistinism, and addressed his wit and his writings alike to those who had the culture to appreciate him. But a paradox invaded Darling's life as a wit as well as his legal career. The extreme

delicateness of his childhood made impossible the driving ambition which is generally associated with successful lawyers. Nevertheless, this unamibitious young man, who became a Barrister because he did not like being a Solicitor, forged ahead of his contemporaries to become the most famous judge of the century. Similarly, this eclectic epigrammatist, who refused to adapt his wit to a less cultured age, saw it become the perpetual enjoyment of that wider public which he had not consciously courted.

Darling will be remembered for his humanity and for his wit, which was entirely free from the acidity which sometimes invests those judicial comments which win sycophantic "laughter in court." He will be remembered too for his sound judgment and common sense. These are qualities thoroughly English; and Darling, in spite of the French extraction of his mother, and his great affection for French literature, was intensely English in his outlook and in his robust prejudices. He was a lover of the countryside and a lover of the country's institutions. In an age when humbug, sentimentalism and loose thinking are becoming increasingly the fashion, Lord Darling remained, like his friend Lord Carson, a reminder of a statelier and more stable world.

Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will mourn his loss, not only as a great judge and a great wit, but as a great Englishman and a great Conservative.

(Mr. Derek Walker-Smith is at present engaged on the official biography of Lord Darling which he was preparing until the time of Lord Darling's death with the assistance of Lord Darling. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. early in the New Year.)

The Real Princess

By Theodora Benson

"Oh dear! What a state she was in from the rain and the bad weather! The water was dripping down from her hair and her clothes. Yet she said she was a real princess."—HANS ANDERSON.

IN 1846 in Boston, Massachusetts, a child was born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. The child was a girl, who in due course was christened Louisa. She was a much desired daughter, the fourth child after three sons, and at her birth her parents, knowing no better, rejoiced greatly.

The house she was born into stood in Chestnut Street. It was a pleasant handsome red brick house with wide, bow windows. And Chestnut Street is a pleasant handsome street lined with trees, a shady street, in the literal meaning of the word, and not as the streets Louisa was to walk in before she was eighteen were shady. No, indeed. Louisa's parents were pillars of respectable Boston society, and you have to be solid to be that. They were very well to do. They were also strictly and sincerely religious. Of course there were family prayers every day, and two helpings of church on Sunday.

There was nothing remarkable about the childhood of Louisa. Her parents loved her dearly, but though it was her duty to love them, they sought more after her respect. She did love them, but they were always a little remote and godlike, strictly dignified and incorrigibly prone to preach. Her three elder brothers often petted and often teased her, but they too had very strict ideas about her. Complete refinement was to them the second essential female virtue, only beaten by a short head by the sovereign advantage of complete ignorance.

Louisa did not on the whole feel life to be unduly repressive. She took a keener delight than most of us in the song of birds, in the beauty of the sky, and, especially in flowers and in trees. She loved the spring with a gentle, wondering passion, and every year she

looked forward with joy and excitement to the light green buds of leaves and the frail buds of flowers. She had more worldly pleasures too. Memorable among these was her best and finest doll, a healthy looking blonde with a rose-pink muslin frock.

She grew up exceedingly pretty. Her skin was excellent, very apple-blossom in colouring, and she had enormous wide-set brown eyes, with a rather questioning helpless look like a young calf. She was well-made and her figure gave promise of becoming even better when a certain plumpness should have fined down. Besides the freshness and the colour of youth she had genuine beauty of feature to recommend her. It so happened that when she was seventeen she was seduced by a good-looking featherheaded, and on the whole, rather well-meaning officer in a cavalry regiment.

When Louisa found that she was with child, like many others before her, she didn't know what to do. She was very much amazed at the way life carried on. She went with her parents down the shaded length of Chestnut Street and on to the church that they frequented, and the pastor said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and a sort of guilty pride leavened her abject terror, and she went back to the red brick, bow-windowed house with her parents, and she was treated as though she were still fourteen, and indeed she knew that she could have found it in her heart to play with her blonde, rosy-muslin-frocked doll.

For once the prospect of telling her brothers seemed almost more horrible than that of telling her parents. And telling her parents was quite out of the question. Why, she was not used ever to tell them anything unless they asked. To wait until they did ask was not a course that commended itself to her. So seventeen-year-old Louisa ran to New York to tell of her plight and to plead for help in the ear of her errant love.

New York in the sixties was no place for a gently-reared girl from Chestnut Street in Boston to walk

around and look for her betrayer. As much degradation and vice flourished there unhindered as anywhere upon the face of the world. She did not find her cavalry officer but she was herself found by procurers and sold without difficulty or loss of time to one of the seven sisters of Sisters' Row.

To be in Sisters' Row in West Twentyfifth Street near Seventh Avenue was good fortune compared with where she might have found herself, but at first she could hardly be expected to realise that. The famous—or infamous—seven sisters were really very remarkable women. They had come in a body to New York from, of all places, a small New England village, with a view to making their fortunes. Very judiciously they had finally determined to make their fortunes by setting up seven adjoining bordellos in West Twentyfifth Street. All seven of these houses were operated with great etiquette and formality, and they were the most expensive the city showed. On such and such a date of the month all gentleman callers had to arrive in evening dress, bearing posies of flowers. The entire takings each Christmas Eve went to enrich some admirable charity. The girls of the establishments were advertised as musical and cultured, amiable, refined companions whose manners were always socially correct. Advertised, and this is sober truth, not only in printed circulars but in the newspapers; for the sisters regularly paid the assessment imposed by their political overlords, and naturally they were therefore unmolested by the police. Already the metropolis of Manhattan Island had acquired its engaging sobriquet of "the modern Gomorrah." It was in 1866 that Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church observed that prostitutes were as numerous in New York as Methodists.

Still, there is a certain satisfaction in the thought of those seven New England sisters, even if there is little in remembering the politicians who grew rich on their whack of such earnings. It was, for instance, so ex-

tremely fortunate that not one of them let the family down by operating a cheaper disorderly house than the other six, by enduring a common type of girl, or by dispensing altogether with evening dress. One respects them a little in the midst of so much vicious competition for having the personalities to put their flap-doodle over.

Louisa was lost indeed. At first it was a delirious tortured nightmare. She couldn't believe it. The beautiful calf's eyes acquired a hunted look. Gradually they lost that. They became hard and practical, just too cynical to be resigned. She made some friends. She took her pleasures; one cannot always be in revolt against one's life if one is to live. She stayed for a longish time in Sisters' Row, stayed in fact until her features sharpened and her figure sagged and her eyes looked glazed. When this happened she was, quite rightly, dismissed.

One does not last long leading such a life as Louisa's. It is probable that even from the age of nineteen onwards she looked a good deal older than her years. She wasn't very old when she left West Twentyfifth Street and she still had charms for less fastidious circles. She lived by her wits in a hand-to-mouth way, frequently such dives as the Haymarket, the Cremorne, Harry Hill's, Billy McGlory's and at long last the Black and Tan. She would attach herself to whoever would put up with her company, very much at home in these dens of infamy, as well she might be, seeing that she was an habituée of quite long standing. She never turned a hair at anything she saw and yet, hardened and dissipated though she looked, it seemed to go ineffectively off her like water from the proverbial duck's back. Sometimes indeed she laughed loudly at indecent displays in the haunts of her choosing, but more often she sat with a rather absent-minded look and a certain blankness in her eyes. When this began to grow a little upon her she became known as Crazy Lou.

After all, these terrible haunts held light and warmth,

dancing and music, as well as utterly depraved criminals and hordes of degraded women. The only alternative was to sit in a noisome tenement or the cold street or at the water's edge. Women were allowed into the dance halls free, though men paid, generally twenty-five cents. In many of them women got commission on any liquor they could get consumed; generally it would be twenty cents for a drink for a lady but for a gentleman fifteen cents or two a quarter. There were generally given lewd and enlivening spectacles as the night advanced to morning, plays of sorts, and dancing of the can-can. The can-can as danced to the best customers in the curtained and partitioned-off boxes and cubicles of the underworld dives was really something in those days. Even though it has been ousted since by muscle dancing such as the hoochy-coochy. No, you couldn't call the can-can nothing even in the big main halls when the drink-sodden roysterers stared at it through the smoke haze in the small hours, as the pickpockets and the lush workers slipped noiselessly among them, doing their little job.

The Haymarket in Sixth Avenue near Thirtieth Street was in the Satan's Circus district, so was the Cremorne between Sixth and Seventh on Thirty-Second. There at the end of the bar sat "Don Whiskerandos", the huge, hairy manager, looking very solemn and pompous at his heavy, ornate desk. Beyond him was his big room lavishly and nudely decorated by sculptured and pictorial art. Harry Hill's place in West Houston Street generally showed a clergyman or two making a dogged study of sin. As a matter of fact Harry was religious; church every Sunday and a prayer meeting Wednesdays. He was an incurable poet too, and decimated the attendance once a week by giving a recital of his own works. He also showed prize fights as well as "Punch and Judy" shows and was himself a bit of a pugilist. So far as he understood order, he kept it very well.

All these dives were Sunday Schools compared with

Billy McGlory's Armory Hall at 158, Hester Street. Billy had been born and reared in a Five Points tenement before the Five Points were cleaned up at all, a den where twenty-six people would live in one basement room fifteen feet square, men, women and children, black and white, seldom daring to leave their hole lest they be killed before they had time to kill. In his youth he won leadership in the Forty Thieves and the Chichester gang. When he opened Armory Hall for drinking and dancing, vice and crime, the gangsters of the Fourth and the Sixth Wards and the Bowery flocked there. There would be five or six bloody fights every night, and drugging of drunken bums before their pockets were picked. In the big hall waiter girls and painted men dressed as women, served the drinks, while in the boxes there were exhibitions that might have taken even the Haymarket aback. Year after year Crazy Lou would come here, growing older and thinner and hungrier, and looking always as time went on a little more blank and strange.

In her old age there were not many to take notice of her or stand her a drink. She lived by diligently scraping garbage pails, and by begging or stealing a few flowers to sell for a few pence. One evening she wandered for the first time into the Black and Tan, with her faded, ragged shawl tightly hugged round her. She was talking absent-mindedly aloud when she walked right up to Frank Stephenson himself. The Black and Tan was in the basement of 153, Bleecker Street, and a stranger man than Frank Stephenson, who operated it, it would have been hard to find. He was tall, and slim, famous for his likeness to a corpse, with his sunken cheeks and his bloodless face that seemed as white as snow. His eyebrows and hair by contrast were dark as the blackest jet, and his keen, piercing, deepset eyes had a baleful glitter in them. Hour after hour he would sit bolt upright on his high chair in the middle of his resort, without displaying any sign of life. The resort was chiefly used by negroes, but his women were all white and as low as

they're made. The four bar-tenders who served drinks each had a long dirk and a bludgeon handy, and often needed them for their clients.

Crazy Lou, an old woman in a faded, ragged shawl, walked straight up to the sinister Frank Stephenson at exactly 12 o'clock. She gazed beyond him unseeingly, talking to herself for a minute or two of big green leaf-buds on the trees of Chestnut Street, of a fat black puppy, and of a golden-haired, rose-robed doll. She came too at once when Frank spoke to her, and moved off to a corner table. Frank Stephenson himself served her with a big glass of whisky absolutely free. She stayed till just two o'clock.

Thereafter she came to the Black and Tan every night, always to the same table, always for two hours, always at 12 o'clock. And as night succeeded night Frank Stephenson did not tire of serving her himself, and free of any charge, a huge tumbler of whisky which she sipped till two. No one liked to question the forbidding Frank about the strange indulgence that he showed. No one ever sat in her place when twelve o'clock approached. But at last a night came when she failed to arrive, and her place stood empty till two. Next morning in the East River the body of Crazy Lou was found afloat.

That night a man tried to occupy her table at about twelve, but Stephenson, setting a big glass of whisky there, insisted that he move. This Frank kept up for a month, standing the whisky on her table and allowing no one to sit in her place each evening at her accustomed time. At the end of the month he observed to the man he had first reprimanded :

" Mourning's over. Youse can sit dere if youse wants to now."

The man, emboldened, asked him then why in the name of fortune he had so strangely and so faithfully regarded her ? Frank Stephenson replied :

" Aw, she was different from de other molls. Dat gooseberry pudding, she was a real lady."

Notes from the Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

I HAVE just returned tired and dusty from Chelsea Show. I would not miss it although it is a silent reproach to my own gardening efforts for the rest of the year. After a few hours there with the jostling throng among the banks and towers of floral exaggerations I am glad to return. When I get home my own garden seat becomes the sweetest spot on earth.

Of course Chelsea is the greatest flower show in the world. You can get some idea of its size by realising that the large marquee covers three and a half acres. This is but one of the tents—one item in the show.

At Chelsea nearly all the flowers of the world are gathered together, and not in mere handfuls, but in generous supply. My old friend Allwood told me that he used fifteen thousand carnations to make up his stand, while one of the large seed firms needed eighteen pantechnicons to transport their exhibit. Rather different from our local show, where we take most of the exhibits in a wheelbarrow. Things are not done by half measures at Chelsea. Apart from the thousands of roses, and the orchids, which alone represent a comfortable fortune, there is the long avenue filled with real gardens, constructed on the spot, complete with lawns, walls, fountains, terraces and herbaceous borders. The rock gardens too, containing hundreds of tons of rock, with natural pools, look as though they had been there for years. The rocks in one of them this year had been transported from the Rocky Mountains by some enterprising nursery firm. Some of these gardens were beautifully designed with the permanent Chelsea trees and other objects cunningly worked into them.

But what a different story the tents have to tell! There one sighs for the touch of the real artist, which gardeners, unfortunately, are not. Great banks and pyramids of flowers, massed together in their thousands with the colours hopelessly confused. Scarlet, mauve,

orange and pink, all screaming at each other in one riotous and almost vulgar display. I could but wonder what a different story might have been told by someone versed in floral art and colour blending. Why, oh why do not some of our leading nursery firms employ an artist on these occasions, to bring out the real beauty and splendour of the flowers they grow so well?

* * *

I must not digress. Where is my note book? I always like to take particulars of anything good or unusual, in case I may be able to beg a plant here and there as opportunity offers. One of the first unusual flowers to catch my eye was a charming little lavender blue flower, which I venture to prophesy will soon be in every rock garden. Its name is *nierembergia hippomanica*, but it can't help that. It is a perfect gem, growing about a foot high, or rather less, and producing masses of its small wide open flowers, which build up a perfect cushion of blue. I was told that it grows easily from seeds, which should be sown in pots in August, and the plants kept in pots in a cold frame for the winter, planting them out in March to flower during the early summer. I must try it, and if it flowers in my garden as well as it did at Chelsea, I will indeed salute it with all reverence.

A new rose needs to be rather outstanding nowadays to command attention, but one I noticed, bearing the not very descriptive name of *Lal* seemed to merit honourable mention. It is as near to the perfect rose as needs be. A flower of noble form, sweetly fragrant, and of a delightful shade of soft pink. It should certainly be included in the autumn order list.

I was rather charmed with a group of Iceland poppies, or, as the particular people would call them, *papaver nudicaule*. These poppies include some delightful shades of colouring, such as orange or deep tangerine, glowing strawberry pink (if you can imagine such a colour), and

soft cream, and their petals shine like silk. They commence flowering early, and are perhaps at their best in early June, between the spring and summer flowers, when colour is at a premium. The best way to grow them is to sow seeds at midsummer, and plant out in the permanent quarters in the autumn. With me they sow themselves freely and keep me well supplied. I think there is a slight prejudice against poppies, both the Iceland and Shirley varieties, because when cut for indoor decoration the petals drop so quickly. This is because the thick white sap which collects at the cut end of the stem, immediately sets hard, and seals up the stem so that water cannot enter. But if, when a bunch of poppies is cut, the stems are placed in almost boiling water for about three minutes, the sticky sap will be melted out, and they will take up cold water and last as well as most flowers.

In the course of my pilgrimage to the shows I always keep an eye—or should I say a nose ?—open for a really good scented flower, and at Chelsea I found one. It was a somewhat modest item in a large carnation exhibit, and its name is *dianthus delight*. It is a dainty, but not conspicuous little flower, after the style of a single pink, but the petals are finely cut and fimbriated, so that the flowers almost resemble lace. The colour is a soft shade of mauve, and the scent seems to be a blend of all the fragrant flowers of the garden, with jasmine and lily of the valley predominating. I took a few flowers home with me, and my room was filled with the delightful perfume. I presume it is cultivated after the manner of ordinary pinks; I am not quite sure, I have not yet grown it—but I am going to.

Next I came across the blue Himalayan poppy, *meconopsis Baileyi ;* a poor forlorn looking specimen with most of the colour forced out of it, but it reminded me of my woodland corner, where last September I planted a round dozen plants of this wonderful flower, so I hope I have something to look forward to. Surely this is one of the loveliest blue flowers unaided Nature ever pro-

duced, and now it is getting plentiful every one who can should certainly plant it. But it will not flourish everywhere, it loves the moist leafy soil of the woodlands, where the rhododendrons grow ; and to plant it in exposed, dry, or chalky gardens is nothing short of cruelty.

* * *

Talking of blue flowers, someone remarked the other day that true blue flowers are very few, which seems to be the case, for not many of the so-called blue flowers are entirely free of purple tinges. Some of the delphiniums are blue enough, and so are cornflowers and cynoglossums, but the bluest flower of the garden is *salvia patens*. I always grow a few of these, just to demonstrate to the uninitiated what true blue looks like ; for just as *salvia splendens* is among the brightest of the scarlets, so *salvia patens* is the bluest of the blues. If you would test the blueness of a flower, see it under artificial light, when most of the alleged blues immediately turn purple.

A friend once told me that there is no such thing as a scarlet scented flower. I am not endorsing that, but so far I have not been able to think of one ; perhaps others would like to try. The difficulty is that so many flowers which are described by their raisers as "dazzling scarlet" are no more scarlet than my nose.

* * *

As I paused at one of the trade exhibits at Chelsea I overheard a rare and wonderful remark from a young salesman. A lady was enquiring about certain flame-coloured azaleas, and he said " No, Madam, I think you would be ill-advised to buy them for your dry, chalky soil, they would only disappoint you." Would that more of them would give such wise and honest counsel, gardening would be the better for it.

But Chelsea show is over, and I am back in my

peaceful garden, where the spring flowers hold high carnival. Wallflowers fill the evening air with fragrance, forget-me-nots and polyanthuses still linger. However, they are all dwarfed and overshadowed by the regiments of swaggering, dominating tulips. I planted far too many, and there is something hard and aggressive about them. Another year a few odd groups about the borders will suffice. But, to my mind, it is not so much the flower beds and borders which provide the loveliest pictures of May, it is the trees. What can surpass the glory of the crimson may trees, the laburnums and the flowering crabs and cherries ; or best of all the chestnuts and the common thorns ? Of all the flowering trees these last two are, in my opinion, the most interesting. Not more beautiful perhaps, but being seedlings, they produce the most fascinating variations in flower and character. Study your wild hawthorns and your chestnuts, and I think that you will rarely, if ever, find two exactly alike. Some flower several weeks later than others, thus prolonging the floral pageant of May and June.

But for sheer beauty, if I were asked to name the loveliest flowering tree in my garden it would be none of these, but the apple. Why so many people overlook the transcendent beauty of apple blossom is a mystery to me. Some varieties are, of course, much better than others ; and the two I would recommend as ornamental trees or bushes for the garden are " Arthur Turner," and " Warner's King." Both, as it happens, are cooking apples, but we can forgive them that. Their clusters of deep pink, fat blossoms are borne in such glorious profusion as to make them worthy of the most treasured corner of the garden. Yesterday I " lazed " in a deck chair beside my Arthur Turner apple tree. The pink fragrant flowers hung above with the clear sky beyond and all the while there was the deep organ note of the bees. I recalled a garden in Kent I once visited where two such apple trees were set at either end of a piece of fine old turf and ripe cherries grew on the brick walls behind the surrounding borders.

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Literary Supplement

LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE. By WYNDHAM L. LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS has incurred much hostility in his time as a result of his attacks upon various popular orthodoxies. But none, I think, of his previous critical excursions has been so fraught with peril as the one which is the subject of this review. He has actually had the temerity to write a book *against war*! Not a book against war in general or in the future—that would not be so bad—but against *this country* going to war *now*—even in the interests of Holy Russia! It certainly wont be long before all the fanatic hordes of pacifism are raving and screaming for the blood of the heresiarch.

But it would be totally mistaken to infer from the foregoing that this book is just another statement of the isolationist case. It is far more than that. Mr. Lewis has a unique gift for apprehending the realities behind the meaningless chaos of social phenomena as they appear to the superficial observer. He perceives connections and relations between things that the ordinary person would never suspect, but which, when analysed and expounded (in the most original and vigorous critical prose of the day), enable the reader to see pattern and significance in what was previously an unsorted agglomeration of incoherent impressions and perceptions. In this book he is concerned with foreign policy, and certainly there is no sphere where clear thinking is more necessary, and sloppy thinking—or rather *feeling* as it is in the vast majority of instances—is more dangerous. Mr. Lewis's investigation is therefore extremely timely, and it is devoutly to be hoped that his readers will include all persons who have the slightest influence upon the policy of this country in international affairs. One's only fear is that it may be already too late for our rulers to act upon Mr. Lewis's advice.

It is not altogether easy to decide where to start in an attempt to give a brief cross-section of a book like this, whose value lies quite as much in what it enables the reader to understand as in what it urges him, if he has the power, to do. Indeed since the force of the argument and the virtue of the illustrations must in such a case be essentially cumulative, such a process is bound to be to some extent misleading. The attempt, however, must be made. Well, then, since the theme is war it seems most natural on the whole to start with Geneva and the League of Nations. Mr. Lewis's attitude towards the League of Nations is, like that of the preacher (as reported by Calvin Coolidge) towards sin, against. He considers that the League will be the proximate cause of the next world war, Great War number two, which will be in

effect a war to make the world safe for communism. No doubt such an accusation would be indignantly repudiated by Lord Cecil, Professor Murray and other exponents of internationalist uplift, but the more closely one observes the operations of the League the more precisely do its policies appear to coincide with the interests of communism; and communism is the only cause in the world today that stands to gain anything from a war. As Mr. Lewis says "The extremist of the 'right' understands very well—as does his 'left' antagonist, too, naturally—that a new Great War would clear the way for a return to primitive conditions—to *really* primitive conditions; the *tabula rasa* which is the desideratum of the Marxist." And again, "If you are a communist you regard a new Great War with unqualified glee....A new Great War can only play into the hands of the communist." It is not then so surprising that "the palace of the League of Nations is, next to the Kremlin, the most obvious place to look for M. Litvinov."

The League today is undoubtedly an intrument of Soviet policy. But there is more in it than mere diplomatic opportunism, though that plays its part. The "League idea" and the Soviet idea are alarmingly similar. Has not the blessed term "collective security" a faintly *collectivist* flavour about it? And "indivisible peace"—a phrase coined by M. Litvinov—is more than a little suggestive of the world super-state dreamt of by the Marxist. The League in a word is a sort of international "Front Populaire," whose purpose, when stripped of the rather oily idealistic slogans that appeal so to "democratic" statesmen, is pretty clearly the destruction of the sovereign state. That alone can account for the holy war against fascism preached so assiduously in the name of Peace today. And that is why Mr. Lewis has pitched his tent in the anti-league camp. He says in his foreword "This book is from cover to cover one long plea against the centralisation of power....as truly as Mr. Rooseveldt or Mr. Litvinov are *centralisers* the writer of this book is the reverse. Centralised power—when it is human power—is for me, politically, the greatest evil it is possible to imagine."

Mr. Lewis's book, then, is a plea against this country being involved by its leftish rulers in the internationalist and anti-nationalist plots hatched in Moscow and Geneva. In particular he urges that we drop at once our priggish hectoring attitude towards Germany. The alleged German "menace," he claims, so far as England is concerned, is sheer poppycock. What we have to fear is rather a *defeated* Germany. So let us close our ears very resolutely against all the disingenuous propaganda that assails

us about the cruel and wicked Nazis, who at any rate, have not yet assassinated an entire reigning family in a cellar, and butchered some millions of " class enemies " as the nice, kind, almost democratic bolshies have done.

I hope I have made it clear that this is a book which everyone, whatever his party alignment, who is at all concerned with avoiding a world war and with preserving the integrity of his nation, should read at once. GILBERT ARMITAGE.

THE GRAND OLD MAN. By GEORGE EDINGER and E. J. C. NEEP. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MR. EDINGER and Mr. Neep have succeeded in producing a very readable, " middle-brow " book about Gladstone. It will not relieve the serious student of the obligation to make his way through the sombre and forbidding pages of Morley. It is not a book for the scholar, for the authorities are not cited and there is not even a bibliography. But for that growing class of reader who likes his history without tears, this book is a safe recommendation.

It is not, however, easy to have Mr. Gladstone without tears. I wondered, on picking up this book, whether the authors would succeed in making of Gladstone a more human and likeable figure. On the whole there remain in him many of the characteristics that Brougham discovered when he said : " This Gladstone was a dam'd fellow, a prig." Mr. Gladstone was a prig, but he was a virile prig in an age when priggery paid ; and on reading this account one is forced to the belief that there was more careerism in his attitude than the authors care to admit.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Gladstone is the explanation of his conversion to Free Trade and his later conversion to Liberalism. Gladstone was converted to Free Trade because he never understood the case for Protection. On his own admission at the time when he was appointed to the Board of Trade by Peel, he was " totally ignorant both of political economy and of the commerce of the country." This virgin mentality made him a ready prey to the specious and practised seductions of Cobden and Bright and the Manchester School. This truth is implicit in the book but is not directly stated.

There also seems to be a survival of the error that the so-called " famine " in Ireland was some justification for the repeal of the Corn Laws. In fact, investigation of the figures shows that, during the famine, food was being exported from Ireland in great quantities, and the *Quarterly Review* was right when it said at the

time " the potato disease, if it were to be fatal to the whole crop, has no more relation to the Corn Laws than Tenterden Steeple to Goodwin Sands."

If Gladstone was converted to Free Trade because he did not understand Protection, he was converted to Liberalism because he was never a Tory. To be a Tory one must have a sense of the continuity of English development and a sympathy with the traditional English outlook. Gladstone had neither. In politics he was an empiricist and an opportunist; and his mind, in so far as it dwelt in the past, was in Ancient Greece, and in so far as it dwelt in the present tended to be in modern Italy or Armenia. On what English issue did he embrace Liberalism? We have it on his own authority that " the overwhelming interest and weight of the Italian question and of our foreign policy in connection with it....led me to decide (to join the Liberal Government) without one moment's hesitation."

Gladstone's chief interest to us now is as an example of a powerful force in the history of our country who was out of tune with the true course of English development and whose importance on that account will be seen to recede with the years.

Some of these conclusions are implicit in *The Grand Old Man*, but they are not stated; for the book is written with a certain anti-Conservative and anti-imperialist bias. It remains to be seen whether any conservative writer will find Gladstone a sufficiently interesting subject to write the critical analysis of Gladstone in relation to the trend of English history, which could be so valuable a contribution to our historical perspective.

Meanwhile, in default of this, the book by Mr. Edinger and Mr. Neep should command its share of public attention. In its earlier pages there is evidence that the authors have read their early Guedalla not wisely but too well. On pages 16 and 17 we are taken all round Europe at considerable length in order to be told that Gladstone went to Eton in September, 1821. But later on the authors shake down into their literary saddle and proceed with dignity, clarity and occasional aphorism through the course of their workmanlike book.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE KING'S JUSTICE.

MOST people are probably aware that the function of the King as a personal dispenser of justice is no longer exercised. But the fact that the King has only nominal control of the royal prerogative of justice is by no means so understood by very

large numbers of his coloured subjects, especially in the Crown Colonies. Such persons believe that the King can be approached by his people, will personally hear their petitions, and will intervene to effect justice in cases where the law courts have failed to do so.

These prerogatives were at one time exercised by the King in his own Court of King's Bench, to which a man could go for default of justice in lower courts. The process, however, by which this court became one of the ordinary courts of the realm was due to many causes, not the least being the power of those individual interests which will always prefer law to justice. Consequently, when the growth of the Empire made it necessary to regulate the form of appeal from a subject in the Colonies to the Crown, machinery was set up for this purpose, which is known as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The object of this book is to show how by judicial decisions this right of appeal has been so hedged by technicalities that it is not at all unusual for a person, clearly guilty, to be acquitted on appeal, and for an innocent person to be refused leave to appeal because he cannot bring himself within certain rules. The writer of this book shows with convincing clearness and illustration what a serious effect this system must have in our relations with native subjects of the Crown and he shows how it can be remedied very simply. While it is obviously impossible for the King to hear all appeals and petitions in person, it would be eminently proper to restore to him a certain element of his personal functions and the result would be wholly advantageous. This book, both for its statement of the facts, and its constructive suggestions, is worth reading by lawyer and layman alike. It consists of thirty-one pages, price one shilling, and is obtainable from the English Mistery, 4 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.1.

CHARLES CHALLEN.

THE PROBLEM OF SEX CONTROL. By WILLIAM BROWN, M.A., M.D. 3*d*.
THE MEANING OF SEX. By MARY MACAULAY. 3*d*.
THE MYSTERIES, BEAUTIES AND PERPLEXITIES OF SEX. By A. HERBERT GRAY, D.D. 2*d*.
WHY ARE SEX RELATIONS WITHOUT MARRIAGE DEFINITELY WRONG? By A. HERBERT GRAY, D.D. 2*d*.

In these four pamphlets, published by the ALLIANCE OF HONOUR, the authors are at great pains to straighten out the alarming tangle which the question of Sex has now become, and in some respects their work is helpful. If, however, they had abided more strictly by the biological realities of Sex and shown less anxiety

to lift it into transcendental spheres, they would have found themselves much nearer to the traditional sexual morality they wish to defend than they seem to imagine. Thus these pamphlets lack the emphatic and insistent note that the trouble in sex-life today is not sexual licence or unbridled sensuality, but the multitude of sex-heresies which are being bandied about as axiomatic, and which are not merely humanly but also biologically false.

Take, for instance, the question Why are Sex relations without Marriage definitely wrong? Dr. Herbert Gray says, "it is very difficult to answer the question I am faced with." Of course it is difficult if you fail to see the biological implications of so-called Free Love, or consider them as insufficiently uplifting. When once, however, you face the question on biological grounds and give up trying to improve this heretical generation by "uplift," you immediately find the birch with which to chastise it, and your position is unanswerable. I cannot, here, give all the evidence that can be advanced in support of the old morality's attitude towards Free Love; but I propose to give only just enough to show that the point of view can be maintained.

The whole heresy of Free Love arises first of all from the mischievous tendency rooted in early nineteenth century thought, to regard all questions merely from the masculine point of view.

From the purely masculine standpoint it is difficult to condemn Free Love. Why? Because the male's sexual cycle is adequately and naturally expressed by sexual congress, whether the female conceives or not. He can live a natural and healthy life with an interminable succession of sterile sexual embraces. Now, in the light of the modern heretical axiom, "what is right for the male is also right for the female," and "what the male has a right to the female also has a right to," if Free Love accommodates the male it must also accommodate the female.

But the female's sexual cycle is wholly different from the male's. She cannot live a healthy life, with an interminable succession of sterile sexual embraces. Her cycle begins with sexual congress and ends with the weaning of the child. It lasts roughly eighteen months. If, as an adult, she does not go through this whole cycle periodically, her very elaborate equipment for child-bearing and child-nursing is left idle, deprived of its chance of functioning; and with dire results. For Nature does not forgive the neglect of a function.

To speak of Free Love for the female, therefore, is a biological heresy. It is condemning her to accommodate and sexually adapt the male, while she herself remains maladapted. Or, alternatively, it means bringing children into the world whose status is not

regularised, who have no proper home, and whose father can be made responsible for them only to the extent of a cash settlement.

Now these are the facts. Is it so very difficult to answer the question. Why are Sex relations without Marriage definitely wrong? To complete the answer, however, Nature's sanctions for the breach of her laws would have to be enumerated, and this would take too long. That they are severe and ruthless, and that no human, knowing them, would be ready to risk suffering them, could easily be shown; and I should advise Dr. Herbert Gray to consider them. Had he done so and stuck to his sacerdotal last, he would have required only to have written "The wages of sin is death," and he would have uttered the whole truth. The best of the four pamphlets are undoubtedly Dr. Brown's and Mary Macaulay's. But even in these the authors are more occupied with new-fangled, high falutin' and unconvincing arguments in favour of the old morality than in demonstrating the fundamental unsoundness of the new.

Altogether this is a series to be recommended, because its aim is rational and wholesome. But, at the risk of antagonising the Feminists, the Alliance of Honour ought really to go more radically to work in trying to inculcate a sane view of sex. Personally I do not think that, nowadays, the appealing, out-stretched-arms attitude cuts much ice.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI

WITHOUT PREJUDICE. By Sir CHARTRES BIRON. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*

As anyone would have expected who has had the privilege of hearing him talk, Sir Chartres Biron has succeeded in producing some extremely amusing and readable memoirs. They are agreeably free from the egoism and literary naïveté which characterised most of the legal and judicial memoirs of the pre-war period. Sir Chartres has avoided the pitfalls of a stylised prose and has written his book in an easy, almost conversational, English. The result is that one has the feeling of enjoying the post-prandial conversation of a cultured and well-informed host who has previously put one in the right frame of mind to enjoy it. My only complaint about this method is that Sir Chartres jumps with almost startling suddenness from subject to subject with no indication, except the ordinary change of paragraph. At first, when one finds oneself plunged from a description of the Tuilleries in one paragraph into the heart of a legal case in the next, it is difficult not to look back to try and find some connection between the two.

Without Prejudice contains a large number of really good legal stories as well as some clever characterisation of the great legal figures of a past generation. In addition, however, to being a fine and successful advocate and a much-respected London magistrate, Sir Chartres is, or has been, author, cricketer and yachtsman. He has even collaborated in writing a play. Of this he says " I had always wondered how this was done, but found it quite simple. My partner cut out all my jokes and I hers." Anybody who has collaborated in writing a play will realise the force and truth of this summary.

Sir Chartres has a pleasant turn of phrase, as when he describes Brigham Young's leading of the Mormons out of the United States into the desert as " a very successful plagiarism of Moses." But he should not twice describe golf as " that dismal Scottish exercise."

There are one or two slips which might be corrected in subsequent editions. Thus on page 45 Vivian Gray is quoted as saying that the Bar was " law and bad jokes until we are fifty." This should be, of course, " law and bad jokes until we are forty." Again on page 81, there is a reference to the " sacred principles of 1666." The principles referred to are presumably those of 1686. Elsewhere what appears to have been a conference is referred to as a consultation.

But these are very small points in a book which is a very charming record of the well-spent life of a kindly, cultured and—in the Johnsonian phrase—" clubbable " man.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

EDWARDIAN POETRY, Book I, 1936: London Richards 3/6 net.

THE above is a book which Horace would have loved, for his aversion, the " indifferent " poet—hated of Gods, men and pillars—is absent from it. It is a collection to be read, and re-read. As every age produces a quantity of mediocre verse, Heaven knows how much winnowing must have gone to the production of this excellent anthology! Mr. John Gawsworth gives us a noble sonnet composed with directness and vitalised by passion. It contains such lines as

Not Death himself hath power to bind desire :
My mouth, so covetous of your kisses, yet
Will crave the old-time impress and its fire.

His imagery is always happy, apt, and bold, as when he cries :

. . . . Delight
Breaks like a wave within my soul!

In well-knit numbers of classical terseness, Mr. Meyerstein shows that he possesses the difficult art of adapting himself to the conditions of the life of his day, regretting nothing, accepting all. "It is right that all should be wrong" contains no paradox, but a poet's philosophy refreshing in its reasonableness and stoicism. Mr. Herbert Palmer enunciates truth epigrammatically:

The poet must strive to please a stirring crowd,
Or he must sing to angels in a cloud,

and instances, as protagonists of the two methods, Shakespeare and Blake.

Mr. Herbert Palmer discovers new beauties in Autumn, and sings them to a new and witching music.

Mr. Frank Eyre fulfills a poet's office in expressing the inexpressible:

....All was sound, yet all was still,
As night came stealing up the hill,

and Miss Ruth Pitter sings of a stormcock, observed through the gap in a derelict cottage roof, with such loving accuracy of observation, as is itself a beauty of no mean order. While contemplating a scarecrow set amidst surroundings of idyllic beauty, the very intensity of Mr. Rowland Childe's humorous indignation almost carries him into the sublime. Should the poet's house ever become a museum, this Falstaff of tar and old trousers should become a hallowed relic, for provoking laughter amongst the Gods!

KENNETH HARE.

Books Received

Inclusion in this list neither guarantees nor precludes subsequent review.

Non-Fiction

THE BIRTH OF ULSTER. By CYRIL FALLS. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
LAFAYETTE: A LIFE. By ANDREAS LATZKO. *Methuen.* 18*s.*
LORD INCHCAPE. By HECTO BOLITHO. *John Murray.* 15*s.*
MEET YOURSELF. By PRINCE LEOPOLD LOEWENSTEIN and WILLIAM GERHARDI. *Faber & Faber.* 6*s.*
SAINT JOAN OF ARC. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10*s.*
SOVIET MONEY AND FINANCE. By L. E. HUBBARD. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
THE CHURCH AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by G. L. H. HARVEY. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*
1715: THE STORY OF THE RISING. By ALISTAIR and HENRIETTA TAYLER. *Nelson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
MOSCOW ADMITS A CRITIC. By SIR BERNARD PARES. *Nelson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE. By WYNDHAM E. B. LLOYD. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*
WHAT IS A BOOK? THOUGHTS ABOUT WRITING. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
CENTRAL EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD. By DR. GERHARD SCHACHER. *George Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.*
THIS MODERN POETRY. BABETTE DEUTSCH. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
APOLOGY FOR DANCING. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Faber & Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
GENERAL SMUTS (Second Vol.). By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. *Faber & Faber.* 18*s.*
TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA-POWER. By EDWIN A. FALK. *Longmans.* 16*s.*
THE AMERICAN IDEAL. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
THE NEW LIGHT. By O.C. J. G. L. OVERBECK, F.C.S., F.G.S., F.R.S.A., etc. *Metchim.* 5*s.*
THE CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD. By JOSEPH H. WICKSTEED, M.A. (Oxon.). *Chapman & Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
PLAN FOR PEACE. By FRANCIS WILLIAMS. *Methuen.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
THE GRAND OLD MAN. By G. A. EDINGER and E. J. C. NEEP. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
WITHOUT PREJUDICE. By SIR CHARTRES BIRON. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*
LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE KING'S JUSTICE. *The English Mistery.* 1*s.*

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS. By AUSTIN CLARKE. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SELECTED POEMS. By EDITH SITWELL. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF DOROTHY WELLESLEY. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

THORNS OF THUNDER: SELECTED POEMS. By PAUL ELUARD. *Stanley Nott.* 5*s.*

Fiction

ALL STAR CAST. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

CHINESE PUZZLE. By RUMER GODDEN. *Peter Davies.* 6*s.*

DUKE STREET. By MICHAEL CAMPBELL. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE BIRDS. By FRANK BAKER. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

EYELESS IN GAZA. ALDUOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*